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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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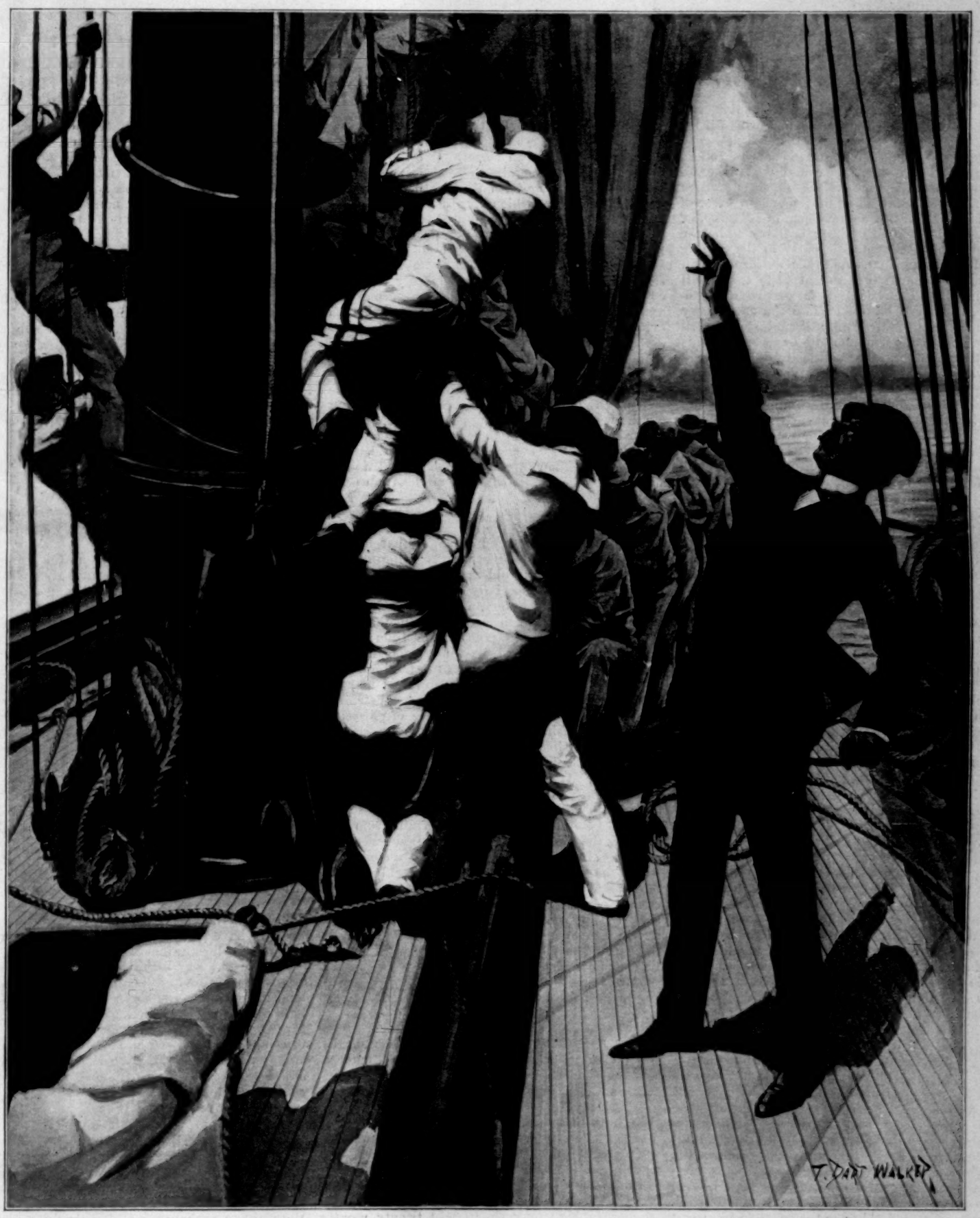

Captain Barr.

HOISTING THE MAINSAIL ON THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA."

"MAKE FAST THE THROAT-HALYARDS, LADS!"

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 22, 1899

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The Two Parties

THE Democratic National Committee will doubtless convince the majority of the people of this country that nothing good is to be hoped for from the party of BRYAN and ALTGELD. The committee is BRYAN'S machine, and although there are some symptoms of revolt against it, including movements in favor of ex-Judge VAN WYCK and ex-Senator GORMAN, Mr. BRYAN at the present writing is likely to be the candidate of the Democratic party in the coming Presidential campaign. As to his platform, it will probably demand free silver at 16 to 1, and will contain all the heresies, political, social, and economic, which can be packed into the usual party pronunciamento. Mr. BRYAN is against imperialism, but one party is no more to be trusted on this issue than another. The politicians dare not meddle with the existing status. The settlement of that question against the drift of Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration would require a national uprising, of which there are at present no very significant signs. Until there is a clamor which cannot go unheeded, no politician, Democratic or Republican, Bryanite or McKinleyite, would dare the mysterious fate involved in "hauling down the flag." And if such an uprising shall occur, both parties will tumble over each other in their eager haste to obey the people's "mandate." Mr. BRYAN will naturally be opposed to the tyranny of trusts, but he will be in favor of replacing it by the tyranny of socialism. There is a strong feeling against trusts also developing in the Republican party, and there is no doubt that its movement against them will be safer and better for the country than the socialistic designs of the BRYAN party.

The truth is that the political wisdom and character of the country, so far as they are to be found in any party, are Republican. All the character and ability of the Democratic party have been driven out of it by Bryanism, and such leaders as JOHN G. CARLISLE, CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, GROVER CLEVELAND, and their consistent associates in Mr. CLEVELAND'S two administrations are out of politics. They can do nothing for the country except as private citizens. They have no party. The Democratic party as it was when they were at the head of it no longer exists. Their places have been taken by men of small abilities, possessed of the intense egotism of ignorance, and inspired by the narrowest bigotry and demagogy. On the other hand, there are many men of excellent capacity and character remaining in the Republican party, and they have large constituencies to which successful appeals for good government can be made. There are, too, some Republican States which are not dominated by machines or by dangerous economic fanatics. In other words, it is in the Republican party alone, of the two political organizations on which the fate of the government rests, in which a contest for good government can result in any success for those who wish to see the American genius for business, order, and justice re-enter the domain of politics. It is true that there has been a defection from the Republican party, but that was twenty-seven years ago. Incalculable good might have been accomplished, many a grievous scandal might have been prevented, if all the courage of revolt had not departed from the Republican organization in 1872. In the twenty-seven years that have elapsed since the Liberal Republicans assembled at Cincinnati, the Republican party has suffered from the control of its worst elements, because of the unpatriotic timidity of its personally virtuous members.

We have in the Republican party, among other honest politicians, Senators HOAR, LODGE, SPOONER, ALLISON, ex-Speaker REED, Representative HENDERSON, Governor ROOSEVELT, and Secretary HAY. These names occur to us at once, and we mention them as indicating the kind of men we mean when we speak of those to whom the fortunes of the country can be safely trusted. Their like is not to be found in the present Democratic organization, and we speak from some personal knowledge of the matter when we say that if the Republican party comes under the influence and control of leaders like these men, there is no reason why the gold Democrats should not again support the Republican national ticket.

The Republican party will need the vote of every man who four years ago opposed Bryanism, fiat money, the attack on the Supreme Court, and socialism. It is to be hoped that the best men of the party will agree to this, and that they will at least inaugurate a contest with the object of driving out corruption from the high places of the party. We firmly believe that in the present condition of our politics the Republican party is the only organization from which high ideals can possibly be expected, ideals of statesmanship and of good citizenship—ideals which used to be demanded by the American conscience and American intelligence—a conscience still active and an intelligence still alert, finding expression now in revolts against one machine after the other, but quite ready to accept again a party that will mean something besides spoils, that will put the general welfare above local interests, that will bring forth the instructed mind to deal with questions which, like finance, require the solution of experts, that, if we are to govern others, will bend itself to changing existing methods and practices, so that we may perform our chosen tasks well and justly. All this is to be hoped for only from the Republican party. It is only to be accomplished there after patient and courageous toil, and the country will be satisfied for a time with evidence of good intention and earnest purpose.

THERE is something encouraging in the character of Mr. MCKINLEY'S appointments to the new regiments now in process of enlistment for the war in the Philippines. The field-officers, so far as we know them, have been chosen on their records and for their capacity. The President, in making these appointments, some of which bear unmistakable evidence of sound advice from Governor ROOSEVELT, is doing all in his power to remedy the wrongs perpetrated by Congress in its refusal to consider the army as a professional institution. It is interesting to note that, following historic precedent, the war is bringing the West-Pointer and the old regular army officer to the front. It was especially so in the civil war, which, as the world knows, was gayly undertaken on the side of the North as a feature of the game of party and personal politics. Defeats alone brought the country to its senses, and GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, and THOMAS to the high and responsible commands. So it is now. It may be that some of the new field-officers owed their first opportunity in Cuba to the influence of powerful friends, but their new appointments are due, almost in every instance, we think, to the worthy manner in which they took advantage of their opportunities. It is almost invidious to single out any one of these new appointees for special mention; but Colonel KOBBÉ'S recent career is so remarkably fine that we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that he not only deserves his colonelcy, but a brigadier-generalship—a command which he has been really exercising for some months with great distinction. No one in the course of this war has displayed more brilliant soldierly qualities than Colonel KOBBÉ, and it is due in part to the fact that he has the proverbial modesty of his profession that his reward is both inadequate and tardy. Colonel BELL is another officer of great merit, who at last, and after suffering much injustice, is made a colonel.

MR. GEORGE MCANENY, secretary of the Civil Service Reform League, has made a most clear and convincing reply to Secretary GAGE'S remarks concerning the League's criticism of President MCKINLEY'S recent civil service order. We think that the country has had so much faith in the character of the Secretary of the Treasury that great surprise will be felt at Mr. MCANENY'S showing of the violations and evasions of the civil service law which have taken place in the Treasury Department under Mr. GAGE'S administration. Mr. MCANENY shows that twenty months before the signing of the recent orders excepting deputies from the operation of the rules, the force had been treated as though actually outside the classified service. Removals and appointments have been made for partisan reasons, and the force in consequence, according to the testimony of those who know best, is very much demoralized. Not only has the spoils system prevailed in the Internal Revenue Office, but the disposition of the department has been to gratify the spoils-seekers as far as possible. The emergency appointments for the war with Spain have been treated as spoils, under the pretence that the Civil Service Commissioners were not able to supply a sufficient number of names from the eligible list. This pretence was false, and must have been known to be false by those who put it forward. The case of Mr. WORTHINGTON C. FORD, removed without cause, and to the great detriment of the service, is familiar to the country, and was a most disgraceful act. His place has been filled by a temporary appointment in evasion of the law, until now the President has excepted the office from the classified list. We trust that Mr. GAGE will be able to make a better defence of himself than he has made for the President's new order.

AS to that order, Mr. MCANENY proves the truth of the earlier criticisms of the League, which Mr. GAGE denounced as "malicious misrepresentation" and "absolute falsehoods." In other words, he proves that instead of excepting 3696 places from the classified list, it actually excepts 10,109, 6416 being those affected through transfers in the War Department, "filled hitherto through competitive registration under the control of the Civil Service Commission, through a system devised and placed in effect by the present Secretary of War." Mr. ALGER'S record as a politician and office-holder certainly does not encourage the belief that the service will be improved by such a transfer. Mr. MCKINLEY'S order was made for the purpose of increasing the spoils of the politicians. That is the inevitable conclusion drawn from the order itself, and now substantiated by Mr. MCANENY'S reply to the Secretary of the Treasury. That will be the judgment of the country at large as well as of the civil service reformers, and whatever odium attaches to the assault upon civil service reform Mr. MCKINLEY must bear. We regret exceedingly that he has entered into an alliance even to this extent with the enemies of civil service reform in Congress.

THE admission made by Captain WATKINS of the *Paris* that he is responsible for the accident to that ship through what we must call a gross error in calculation—for it is one for which no excuse is possible—must add to the terrors of ocean travel. Captain WATKINS is a man whose career has been entirely honorable and unusually successful. If such a man as he, through a moment of inadvertence, or in one of those sudden and temporary paralyses which mysteriously affect the minds of most men, has made such a slip, it is clear that the system which leaves to one mind the fate of ships and lives is a bad one. If Captain WATKINS'S calculation had been verified by another, or if another, to take Mr. HYSLOP'S proposition, had made the calculation and Captain WATKINS had verified it, the accident to the *Paris* would not have happened. The fact that Captain WATKINS'S career is over will of course make other captains more vigilant, but dependence upon one mind in this sort of thing is absolutely unsafe. No man can tell when his mental energies, usually keen though they may be, are going to stop working for a moment; and that moment may be the most important in that mind's history.

THE situation as to the Transvaal is instructive. We have pointed out that President KRUGER is opposing the inevitable. The only question is, will he give way before the British government drives him away? The grievances of the Uitlanders are serious, and have aroused a strong public sentiment in England. The Dutch insist on denying to the Uitlanders ordinary rights and privileges. These Uitlanders make up about twenty-three-twenty-fourths of the population of Johannesburg, and they pay much more than half of the taxes for the support of the republic. Notwithstanding this, they have practically no voice in the government of the country or the city. They cannot even be jurors. The schools which they support practically deny education to their children, because the teaching is in the Dutch language. Great Britain has a right to demand equal rights for her citizens in the Transvaal, including the right to exchange British citizenship for citizenship in the South-African republic; and she is on the point of war, even if, in enforcing her rights, she will play the game of the speculators and adventurers who have brought the trouble upon her.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

MR. J. P. MORGAN, well known as a churchman of munificent impulses, whose ears are never closed to the exhortation "Let your light so shine," is reported to have proposed to the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral in London that they shall have electric light installed at his cost in that edifice. His offer is said to have been accepted, which will be dour news for Mr. Andrew Lang, who recently expressed his willingness to have St. Paul's used as a receptacle for modern decorative art, on the ground that its interior is usually a black fog, in which modern decorative art would cause the least possible annoyance to the smallest possible number of citizens.

Any one who is disposed to wonder that Mr. Morgan should feel so strong and practical an interest in a London church may recall that, having one or two residences in England and a banking-house in London, while very decidedly an American, he comes nearer than most of us do to being a citizen of two countries. Any one whose mind will rest easier for believing that the £5000 or more that he will pay for lighting St. Paul's was made in London is probably safe in relying upon that comfortable assurance.

ANOTHER thing besides edged tools and matches that children ought not to be allowed to play with is flags. Some children at Stamford, Connecticut, played with flags on the Fourth of July, and there have been squabbling and bad blood there ever since. A seventeen-year-old English girl, who was visiting a well-known citizen of Stamford, was dared by another girl to hang out the English flag on the Fourth. She did so, unhindered by her host, and the flag thus foolishly displayed made a good many of the more foolish people in Stamford angry, and at night some one stole it, staff and all, and all the geese in Stamford have been cackling ever since. The Sons of Veterans and the G. A. R. have passed resolutions; there has been one or two arrests; local politics are much upset; and all because a Stamford householder did not use discretion in ordering his household.

There is no special objection to the display of the British flag on the Fourth of July. The sentiment of the day in our time is not a sentiment of antipathy to the British, but one of rejoicing in American independence. All the same, any one who hangs out a British flag on the Fourth for the express purpose of exciting the irritation and testing the self-control of the neighbors ought, in every case, to be spanked and sent to bed without supper. Childish offences should meet with childish correction, or, better still, should be nipped in the bud by responsible grown-ups before they make mischief.

IT is reported to be the opinion of Dr. Lambert Lack, of London, that cancer is not a germ disease, but "invariably begins with an injury of a particular character to what is known as the basement membrane of the mucous membrane and its allied structures." The pith of the story, so far as the laity are concerned, is that Dr. Lack hopes soon to give the world a serum for cancer, and to prove conclusively that it is neither a germ disease nor in any sense hereditary.

It has been stated, and the statement has been noticed in the WEEKLY, that cancer is increasing so fast in prevalence that, if its recent ratio of increase is maintained, in another decade it will cause more deaths than consumption and typhoid fever combined. Dr. J. H. Pryor, of Buffalo, says, in a recent number of the *Medical News*, that this statement is very much exaggerated. But it is true that cancer is much more common, and the cause of a larger percentage of deaths, than it was ten or twenty years ago, and that the investigation of its origin and the discovery of a cure for it are objects of constant and anxious medical concern.

THERE was fervent lamentation in some of the Boston papers because the Harvard nine, having lost the first game with Yale, was not cheered on Class day with the other teams. The idea was that the nine was not to be cheered unless it won. The nine seems not to have been so much cast down by the omission but that it managed to get the series away from Yale, and of course in so doing it turned the tables on the Class-day shouters. Nevertheless, the omission was very offensive to some graduates. One of them, in a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, calls it the evidence of a contemptible spirit which cropped out once before, when the Harvard football team went to Philadelphia in 1897 without their H's because they had failed to win from Yale. That may seem like making a mountain out of a mole-hill, but the chances are that the Harvard nine will be cheered on the Delta next Class day, however the first game with Yale may go.

THERE are voluminous complaints that our eccentric fellow-citizen Mr. Anthony Comstock is depriving us of a beautiful object of contemplation by forbidding the National Expert Exposition, of Philadelphia, to display its prize art poster in New York. It seems that a lady and gentleman figure on the poster whose costumes, in Mr. Comstock's opinion, are inadequate. He is reported as saying that if the poster is distributed in New York he will prosecute the distributers. Perhaps it will be distributed all the same. At any rate, it will be of special interest when seen as a measure of Mr. Comstock's notions of propriety.

NEARLY all the colleges which were lately seeking presidents have found them. The University of Rochester, which has lacked a head since the resignation of Dr. David J. Hill three years ago, has lately found one in Professor Rush Rees, of the Newton (Massachusetts) Theological Seminary. It is considered indispensable that the president of the University of Rochester shall be a Baptist. Professor Rees meets that requirement. He is a young man, about forty years old, and is very well spoken of. While his acceptance of the office is understood to be assured, he does not intend to take up the reins of government until the 1st of next July.

REPORTS from Detroit say that by far the most popular and conspicuous figure at the recent Christian Endeavor convention in that town was the Rev. Charles Sheldon, of Topeka, the author of *In His Steps*. Every one must have heard by this time of Mr. Sheldon and his books, which have sustained such a remarkable distribution. The one named, which at last accounts was still the most popular, has been sold by the million copies, both in this country and in Great Britain. It concerns, as will be remembered, the experiences of a number of Christians, members of the same church, who undertook to do nothing for a year which, in their opinion, Christ would not have done if he had been in their place. The working out of this pledge involved many difficulties and sacrifices, and brought up many interesting questions. Naturally many of Mr. Sheldon's readers have disagreed in divers particulars with his interpretation of Christian conduct, and when the Endeavorers got hold of him at Detroit there was much that they wanted to know. One of the enterprises suggested in *In His Steps* is a Christian daily newspaper which should print neither news nor advertisements except such as were fully consistent with the most scrupulous Christian principles. Mr. Sheldon was questioned at Detroit about this supposititious paper. He said he did not believe a paper conducted on the lines that he had suggested would pay, but he thought that with an endowment — say of a million dollars — it could be successfully maintained. "The colleges have their millions," he said; "isn't the time ripe for some one to advance the money for a daily Christian paper?"

Perhaps Mr. Sheldon may find his man, but the drawbacks to his newspaper enterprise are considerable. A great many persons have put large sums into daily newspapers that didn't pay, but very few have invested heavily in newspapers that were not expected to pay. That, however, may be got over, and indeed it is a fact that persons with money to spend for the promotion of the general good have not infrequently speculated upon the expediency of starting a newspaper which should always say the right thing on every subject and should never be influenced in anything by considerations of profit and loss. A person now living and not very old has personally seen a million dollars balanced on the threshold of such an enterprise.

THE greatest obstacle to Mr. Sheldon's plan would be to determine what a daily Christian paper ought to be. The million dollars that offers for a newspaper enterprise usually has decided ideas attached to it, and to keep the ideas that came with the endowment in harmony with those that determined the policy and management of the paper would not be altogether a simple task. Mr. Sheldon's notion of a Christian paper, as indicated in his book, is one that would fight rum and tobacco, ignore prize-fights and (probably) horse-races and theatres, and omit all but exemplary news, and all advertisements of wares not adapted, in the paper's opinion, to benefit the consumers. There are already a good many newspapers in the country, of first-rate character, which seem to be managed by Christian people on Christian principles, and which admit neither demoralizing advertisements nor demoralizing news. It is improbable that an endowed Christian newspaper could do as much good as some of them do. Of course you cannot make much of a newspaper merely by leaving things out, though a judicious omitter is always worth his wages on every strong paper. What is most indispensable to a daily paper is readers. A newspaper without readers is as worthless as religion without charity. But you can't endow a newspaper with readers, and very few daily papers in our day are able to get readers enough to make them important unless they print the news. A good daily paper is, first of all, a mirror in which the world may see itself. If it reflects the evil as well as the good, it has in some degree a justifying precedent in the sun and the rain, which, under Providence, do not discriminate in the distribution of their benefits. Still, we all recognize the difference between good newspapers and bad, and it would be rash to assert that there may not come out of the West a newspaper better than anything we have. The West has given New York several newspapers, and when it gets ready to astonish us with one of a new variety, no doubt it will do so without asking leave. Meanwhile we may lull our impatience by believing that the world will probably be no loser if it has to wait for Mr. Sheldon's paper until the demand for it is brisk enough to tempt capital by the promise of profits.

THE Endeavorers had a great meeting at Detroit. It lasted six days—from July 5 to July 11. It was the eighteenth international convention. The organization claims an enrolment of 55,813 societies, with a membership of 3,500,000. Its societies are scattered all over the world, from Oregon to Madagascar, and the sun cannot set on them. The tie which joins them seems to be a slight one, which does not interfere with the connection of the members with other religious societies, but it is strong enough to bring the Endeavorers out by tens of thousands to the annual convention.

It is noted that on the Sunday which the Endeavorers spent at Detroit many of them declined to read the Sunday papers, and some of them had scruples about riding on the street cars, though a large majority used the cars. It appears, therefore, that they do not find it necessary to be like-minded as to all details of practice.

CLARK UNIVERSITY has been celebrating its tenth birthday by a series of lectures, in which five distinguished and erudite gentlemen from the universities of Europe have imparted the very latest information on various scientific subjects to select but appreciative audiences. Professor Ramon y Cajal, of the University of Madrid, has lectured, in French, on the brain; Professor Angelo Mosso, of the University of Turin, has lectured in German, on "Conscious Processes" and "Bodily Exercise"; Professor August Forel, of Zurich, in French, on "Hypnotism" and "The Habits of Ants"; Professor Ludwig Boltzmann, of Vienna, in German, on "Mechanics"; and Professor Emile Picard, of Paris, on "Mathematics."

To profit by the discourses of these wise men, college professors and others of the learned have gathered from all parts of the country. Worcester has abounded with hospitalities, and has doubtless realized its position as a university town more vividly than at any time since the last college boat-race was rowed on Lake Quinsigamond.

BOSTON'S interest in the South is not confined to race problems or to criticisms of Southern violence. A balance of $3800 which was left of a fund raised in Boston for the sufferers by the Johnstown flood was sent on July 7 to the Governor of Texas for use in relieving distress caused by the recent floods in that State. The damage done and suffering caused by the recent unprecedented and untimely rise of the Brazos River seem to have been very great. The reports in the Northern papers are somewhat meagre in their details, as the mails are blocked, but the floods appear to have done from five to ten million dollars' worth of damage, besides costing many lives and making thousands of persons homeless.

IT is learned that out of six hundred replies received from officers of the army, in answer to the inquiries of the War Department as to the expediency of retaining the canteens in post-exchanges, only six are adverse to the present system. No doubt this practical unanimity of opinion of the men best qualified to judge what is best for the soldier, in favor of the canteen, will only excite our ultra-temperance brethren to greater efforts to suppress it. We may hope, though, that the testimony of the army may have weight with Congress. The soldiers' vote does not count for much, but there is an increasing number of voters whose votes do count, who think and care about the soldier, and would resent the needless sacrifice of his interests to the prejudices of the inconsiderate.

IN speaking of M. Labori's courageous defence of Dreyfus, the New York *Times* confesses that it "does not know the leading lawyer of New York who would have undertaken so unpopular a cause out of pure chivalry and human love of justice."

Most of the lawyers in New York are so tied up with obligations to their partners and their clients that their freedom of action is doubtless a good deal restricted. Still, John Wanamaker was not so entangled in business but that he managed to fight Quay, and it is not impossible that if we should develop a Dreyfus some pillar of a great New York law-office might take up his cause. It would be a daring task, and office rents and expenses are so high in New York as to discourage recklessness. But there is Mr. Choate. He took Laidlaw's case. He stood up valiantly in behalf of the unfortunates who were threatened by the income tax. Who shall say to what uncontrollable outburst of thriftlessness his sporting blood might not compel him? There is nothing that is honorable which any lawyer might do of which any one can be confident that Mr. Choate is incapable. And then there is Mr. Thomas Reed, so soon to be a lawyer of New York. He is credited with excellent intelligence and fairly steady nerves. The unpopularity of a great cause could hardly be trusted to scare him off if he fully believed the cause was great.

ON July 7 Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, distinguished American delegates to the recent International Congress of Women in London, were presented to the Queen at Windsor. It is not every year that the Queen receives an American woman so well worth meeting as Miss Anthony. The Queen did not confide to our countrywomen her convictions as to the fitness of women to vote and hold high office, but she pleased Miss Anthony very much by ordering tea in the palace for all the delegates (some hundreds) who had come to see her.

AFTER all, it seems the men who robbed the Union Pacific express in Wyoming on June 2 got away. A reward of $18,000 was offered for them, and they were chased 1500 miles by 300 or 400 men, but they have not been captured. There are three of them, of whom the leader is George Curry, who for ten years past has been an outlaw and robber of the first distinction in the West. No doubt in due time he will meet with a violent death, but the chances of his being lawfully hanged are not at present so good as one could wish.

Mr. Arctowsky, Oceanographer. Captain Lecomte. Mr. Racovitza, Naturalist. Commandant de Gerlache.

CHRISTMAS DINNER IN MIDSUMMER ON THE "BELGICA."

THE FROZEN SOUTH. *By Frederick A. Cook, M.D.*

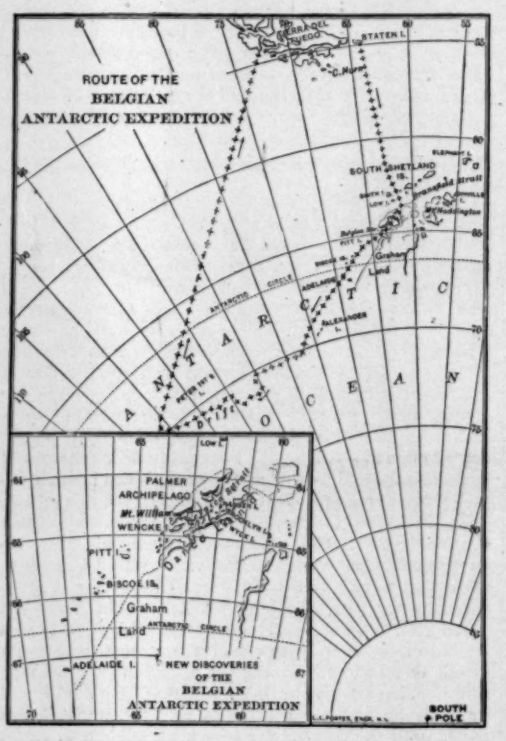
IN the notices of my return from the antarctic and in the story of the Belgian antarctic expedition, as published in the American newspapers, it has unintentionally been made to appear as if I desired to claim a major share of the credit for the results of this expedition. This I wish to disclaim. The credit of organizing the expedition belongs to its commander, Adrien de Gerlache; the honor of sending out the venture belongs to the enterprise of Belgian citizens. The fame and honor which are the result of a successful expedition belong to every member of the expedition. Every one, from the highest officer to the cabin-boy, has done his share of the work nobly and faithfully; every one, then, from the cabin to the forecastle, deserves the honorable mention which is the explorer's only pay.

Although our work and experiences may now seem extraordinary, we have not regarded our position as such. The routine of work has seemed a rather odd and unusual occupation. Our greatest surprise is in the fact that we were fated for the mission. The expedition, having for its object the exploration of an unknown quarter of the globe, and having pushed from the known to the unknown, we had only to observe, to study, and to tabulate the new discoveries. Photographs of some of these are here reproduced for the first time, and my story is of them. The expedition reached the Strait of Magellan late in December of 1897. Here the actual work began, but we shall mention only a few incidents about a little-known tribe of Indians, and then pass on to the icy south lands.

Since the earliest days of American history there has been a halo of romance thrown over the Indians of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, which has always made their life story intensely fascinating. Early exaggerated reports peopled these lands with dangerous races of huge giants quite twice the size of ordinary human beings. Later, and supposedly more accurate, statements made the people the most ignorant of all aborigines. Even Darwin says, "I believe in this extreme part of South America man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world."

Although the people are neither of the huge proportions described, nor lowest in the scale of human enlightenment, nevertheless there is a certain amount of truth in these early tales. The people of Patagonia, and those of the main island of Tierra del Fuego, are to-day, and always have been, a very tall people. The men are mostly six feet high, with a perfectly developed muscular system; the women nearly as tall; and, dressed in furs, both appear like giants when compared with the average European. The smaller tribes inhabiting the islets are a people who are in outward appearance the most miserable of all men, and their implements of chase are indeed very imperfect. But their language is so extensive that mentally the lowest of the Cape Horn people must be regarded as far above the Australian and some of the African tribes. Through the indefatigable work of Mr. Thomas Bridges the missionary, now deceased, I have been able to collect a vocabulary of thirty thousand words. The mere existence of this large number of words bespeaks an intelligence and social state far in advance of many other aborigines.

The main tribe which now remains is the Oua, of Tierra del Fuego. The Patagonians and the canoe Indians of the channels are now nearly extinct. The Ouas have remained to live their wild life unaltered to the present day. The reason for this preservation has been their resolute courage, their natural inborn fierceness, and their ability as fighters. Among the first to introduce Christianity were two Roman Catholic priests. They never got beyond their introduction, for soon after, it is said, they were



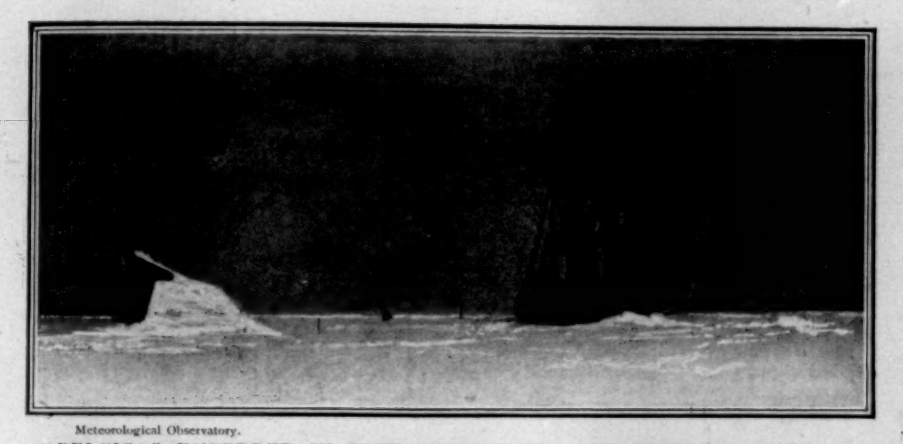
introduced to a warm camp fire and the cannibalistic habits of the Indians. At any rate, the priests have never returned to tell the tale.

The Ouas, at present, are on the war-path; they are angry, and their maltreatment is justification for anger. The discovery of gold, and the knowledge that sheep and cattle will thrive on their hunting-grounds, have been the final death-blow to these doomed people. It is the old story now clothed in the new garment of the "white man's burden." It is the extermination of aborigines to make place for the spreading Anglo-Saxon. But in this warfare there are some causes of animosity not often found in other Indian wars. Within ten years gold has been found in various parts of Tierra del Fuego; miners have flocked thither, and they have at once opened war on the Indians, for no other reason than their desire to possess Indian wives, which was not possible until their husbands were dead. The shepherds, who now cover every available acre of grazing-ground, have done the same.

After leaving the regions about Cape Horn it fell to our lot to discover a new land in a new world of ice and snow. This land is about six hundred miles south of Cape Horn. Its outer fringe has been vaguely known as Palmer Land, and on late charts as Graham Land. But the charting is so incorrect that it was impossible to recognize the landmarks. We came in sight of this country late in January of 1898. We had then crossed the rough waters south of Cape Horn, had made a line of soundings to the South Shetland Islands, and had crossed the fog-veiled, choppy waters of Bransfield Strait. We had passed many icebergs, some of huge proportions, and in one case we were for a time in doubt as to whether a dazzling mass of ice was a great iceberg or an ice-covered island. Owing to this experience and the very great similarity in general between icebergs and land in the Antarctic, we were at first sceptical as to the stability of the new white masses rising over the blackness of our southern horizon. A closer approach, however, put all doubts at rest. It was land, really solid land, and it rose higher and higher, while to the east and to the west, as far as the eye could reach, there came up one point after another, until we had a disconnected line of new land and strange, ice-strewn waters barring our further progress.

We spread out our charts, the latest English, German, and American publications. But from them we could not recognize our position with sufficient precision to help us to discern any of the many points before us. We knew that we were approaching a part of a great continental mass of land—the Antarctic continent—and to examine this was one of our main objects. The entire range of land was covered, buried, truly submerged, by a blanket of never-melting snow and ice. The peaks were hidden by low clouds, and no land was visible except a few rocks at the sea-line. To the east, the land was evident only in low specks disconnected by wide bands of water, and it all seemed far away. To the west, the shores seemed nearer, but the advance of night and a thickening black mist made the outlines imperfectly visible. Steering somewhat east of south, we entered a bight in the land, and before midnight we landed on a small island. Our position at this time was about one hundred and fifty miles above the antarctic circle. We were thus above the regions of prolonged nights and days, but the night was not really dark except from eleven to one o'clock. The temperature was close to the freezing-point, where it remained during the few weeks following, and although it was midsummer, a little snow was falling as we landed on the strange, weird little island.

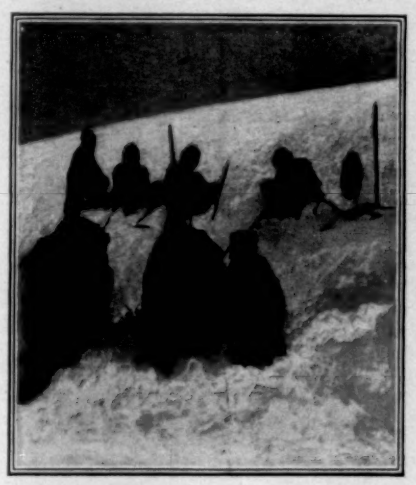
Our landing on this little desolate, bird-inhabited spot was the stepping-stone to all of our future movements. For on the following morning we saw to the



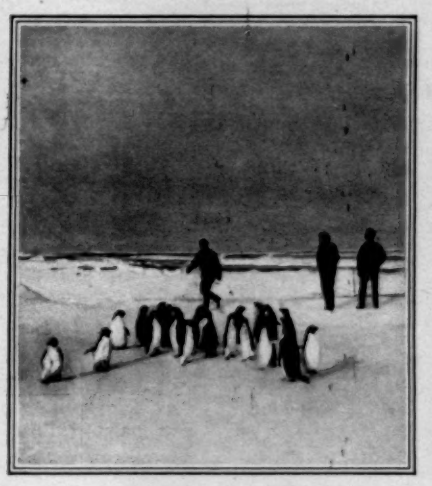
Meteorological Observatory.

"BELGICA" EMBEDDED IN PACK WITH WHICH SHE DRIFTED THIRTEEN MONTHS.

CAPTAIN LECOMTE MAKING MAGNETIC OBSERVATIONS.



FIRST SLEDGE JOURNEY—ASCENDING A GLACIER.



A FLOCK OF PENGUINS.

CAPE ASTRUP—SOUTHERN OPENING OF THE NEW STRAIT—ABOUT 2000 FEET HIGH.

A FUEGAN CHIEF IN FULL COSTUME.

AN OUA FAMILY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GAME, TIERRA DEL FUEGO—ROBES MADE OF A SINGLE SKIN.

THE "BELGICA" EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. F. A. COOK.

THE ANGLO-VENEZUELAN ARBITRATION COMMISSION AT PARIS.

KEY TO PORTRAITS.

1—His Excellency Mr. de Maertens, President. 2—Justice Brewer, United States Supreme Court, American arbitrator. 3—Lord Chief-Justice Russell, British arbitrator. 4—Chief-Justice Fuller, United States Supreme Court, American arbitrator. 5—Lord Justice Collins, British arbitrator. 6—Sir Robert Reid, British counsel. 7—Sir Richard Webster, British counsel. 8—Mr. Reddan. 9—Mr. Buchanan. 10—Marques de Rojas, Venezuelan counsel. 11—Former President Harrison, Venezuelan counsel. 12—General B. F. Tracy, Venezuelan counsel. 13—Mr. Rowlatt. 14—Mr. Asquith. 15—Mr. Thurn. 16—Mr. Tilley. 17—Mr. Mallet-Prevost, Venezuelan counsel. 18—Mr. Foley. 19—Mr. Webster. 20—Mr. MacFarlane. 21—Mr. d'Oyly Carte. 22—Mr. Stotler. 23—Mr. Gray. 24—Mr. Harris. 25—Mr. Henn-Collins. 26—Mr. Tibbott. 27—Mr. Allen. 28—Mr. Cutler. 29—Mr. Martin. 30—Mr. Blook. 31—Mr. Sharpe. 32—Mr. Davis. 33—Mr. Baker.

southward, extending as far as our eyes and our best glasses would reach, a wide channel of smooth navigable water. This, on further exploration, proved to be a continuous strait running southwesterly and opening into the Pacific. The land to the east of this is a mountainous country, with an altitude of from two thousand to three thousand feet. This is buried by a sheet of glacial ice terminating in a nearly continuous wall or cliff with an average height of about one hundred feet at the shore. This ice cliff is evident in all the photographs. Its height and its continuous extension to high-water mark are the first surprise and the first striking difference which an arctic explorer finds between the north and south polar lands.

The land to the west of the newly discovered strait is of the same general character. It is separated from the mainland by the strait, and it is intersected by many inlets, some of which we found to be straits; others were put down with undetermined terminations. These inlets and straits make the land westward an archipelago of islands, to which we have affixed the name Palmer Archipelago, in honor of the American sealer Nathaniel Palmer, who, almost eighty years ago, saw the still unknown outer shores.

The land to the east is continuous southward with Graham Land, and is thus a part of one of the greatest antarctic land masses, probably a continent. We charted its shores for about three hundred miles, and when the pack-ice finally forced us westward from it, the white irregular outline with high black peaks still continued southward. It was one of our disappointments that the ice-strewn sea did not permit us to follow the coast of this new country to its polar termination. The part of it which we charted is given the name Danco Land, in honor of our late brave and faithful companion, Lieutenant Danco. The main body of water which forms the new strait is named Belgica Strait, after our ship and in honor of the country which gave the expedition birth. Within the strait are about fifty newly discovered islands. The largest of these is named Wencke Island, in honor of a bold Norwegian sailor we lost by drowning only a day prior to our entry into the new waters. The northern point of this island is named Cape Astrup, in honor of Eivind Astrup, the friend of our first-officer Amundsen, and my companion in Mr. Peary's first Arctic expedition. Most of the islands have been named in honor of Belgian friends of the expedition. Some have been named in honor of explorers, among which are Nansen and Andree islands. Two, which have fallen to my lot to name, have been christened Brooklyn and Van Wyck islands—Brooklyn in honor of my home, and Van Wyck in honor of the first Mayor of Greater New York. The view of Cape Astrup is one characteristic of all the island landscapes, and Danco Land, which we charted, was characteristic of all the newly discovered lands.

In exploring the new lands about Belgica Strait, we made twenty landings. These were made mostly upon islands and points of land offering an exposure to the northeastward. On such points the sun had sufficient force to thaw some of the glacial walls of ice which nearly everywhere prevent a debarkation. These landings were made for various purposes, now for surveying, again for magnetic observations, and always for geological and zoological work. In one instance we went with camp equipment, sledges, and instruments into the interior, that we might better survey the neighboring regions from a high mountain. Owing to numerous impassable crevasses, we were unable to reach the desired heights, but from a lower noonatuk we viewed the new lands of ice about us. One week was spent on this inland ice with various degrees of comfort. The sledges were dragged up steep slopes and bridged over crevasses. We slept on the ice in a tent, which the wind continually blew down. On the whole, we accomplished the work for which we set out, though we suffered severely from the effects of storms. This was the first sledge journey and the first camping experience upon the south polar lands.

Passing out of Belgica Strait, we entered the Antarctic termination of the Pacific Ocean, and steamed over its huge swells southwesterly to the main body of pack-ice. Entering the pack, we pushed southward as far as possible, and then our movements, for nearly thirteen months, came to an end. During this long imprisonment we drifted to and fro in response to the winds—north, south, east, west—but mostly west, over a new sea and over a submarine bank. The total drift was two thousand miles.

Beset and helpless, we passed through the snowy summer to a long icy winter, and again almost through a second snowy summer. We passed from the long summer days of 1898 through the first antarctic night which man has seen, and again through the bright glowing days of midsummer and midnight suns. It was a long day of continuous brightness, a day of sixteen hundred hours without sunset, and a night of sixteen hundred hours without sunrise. Human life with such strange conditions, in a region of eternal snow, is entirely unimaginable. No pen can picture it. It is another world dream.

These weird conditions, with the unbroken monotony of life, the peculiar food, the forced anxiety and steady mental work, make a man abnormal in his appearance, irregular in his habits and acts, and, what is most curious, it changes his entire physiognomy. This we have styled night physiognomy.

Our photographs were taken at the close of the polar night, when our depression and anxiety began to give place to the lighter hopes instilled by coming daylight.

While frozen in the pack our horizon never changed. Though we were never two days in the same place, driving from five to ten miles daily, we could see nothing move. An endless sea of ice was about us on every side, and it moved with us. An occasional dinner on birthdays or holidays served to divide the time into periods. Not because we had anything specially delicious, but because these gatherings brought pleasant memories of the past and cheerful hopes for the future. One of the most notable of these "feeds" was the Christmas dinner. It was in the midsummer, which in itself is a novelty, and in the centre of the long polar day. The food which we prized highest was the fried penguin steaks. They taste like beefsteak with cod-liver oil as a gravy, but in the absence of better fresh food are palatable. A very novel feature in our gastronomic desires was a longing for coarse natural food—something with a hard gritty substance. We had lived long on canned and condensed foods, with no taste and no natural fibre—foods many times cooked, and so improved that their natural taste and color and consistency had been destroyed. Our experience proved that the stomach will not for a long time permit a stuffing with laboratory mixtures. We wanted gritty substances, something which would scratch and leave a waste in the intestines. We enjoyed raisins because the seeds acted in this manner, and if our soft food had continued longer we should have hailed a diet containing sand and pebbles with delight.

It is not possible to dwell upon the various incidents of our curious experience while held in this quiet but ever-moving sea of ice. The incidents are too numerous and complex to even suggest in this article. But two questions I am sure my readers desire answered: first, "What was your occupation during the long darkness?" second, "Did you suffer from cold?"

The regular work of the expedition was always more than sufficient to keep us busy. Meteorological observations were taken hourly. Geological and zoological specimens were studied and packed away. Magnetic and nautical observations were made, and whenever we were certain of our exact position we measured the depth of the sea through a hole in the ice, took ocean temperatures at various depths, and samples of the sea bottom. These tasks, with the work of photography, chart-making, and writing our daily notes, were the principal occupations and pleasures of the officers and scientific staff. The sailors were kept busy hunting for fresh meat, bringing in blocks of snow to melt for water, and embanking the ship with snow to prevent the escape of the precious though little heat generated in the *Belgica*.

Although we found the average cold of the Antarctic much below that of any part of the Arctic with which we are familiar, we never really suffered from the effects of low temperatures. Our highest summer temperature was but one and a half degrees above the freezing-point. Our lowest was forty-three degrees below. The coldest weather was to us by far the most agreeable, while the warmest drew a complaint from every man of the expedition. The cold days were clear and bright, while the warmer days were always cloudy, dark, and generally accompanied by howling gales.

Storms, isolation, and monotony are the curses of south polar life. The stupendous sheets of ice, its unbroken

COLONEL EDMUND RICE,
Major 3d U. S. Infantry.

COLONEL J. FRANKLIN BELL,
Lieutenant 7th U. S. Cavalry, Major and A. A.-G., U. S. V.

COLONEL CORNELIUS GARDENER,
Captain 19th U. S. Infantry.

whiteness, the many new lands and seas never before seen by human eyes, the wild and weird forms of animal life, added to the well-known polar surroundings, are its chief attractions. The little tribes of penguins scattered about the ice, ever happy and contented with their hard lot; the various families of seals basking on the floes, grunting for joy as the sun slides from under the clouds to drop its feeble rays—such odd conditions infuse the mind with an infatuation which must be felt. It cannot be described. Such groups of life, found in no other part of the world, find a response in companionship and in love in the human soul placed in similar conditions, which only a man accustomed to wild life can appreciate. We were far from the world of familiar life; seals and penguins were our outside associates, and they were often quite as dear to us as the Eskimos have been to explorers in the north.

Tonga's Royal Wedding

ON the 1st of June, 1899, a new page was added to the history of the Tongan, or Friendly, Islands, when George Tubou II. not only dared to defy the opposition of his chiefs by marrying the choice of his heart, but elevated her to his own rank. After the marriage ceremony, as his bride knelt before him, the King, placing the bright new golden crown upon her head, said, in a clear voice, "Lavinia, I crown thee Queen of Tonga."

Chiefs had been gathering here for weeks past, and their desire was that the King should wed Ofa, a very high chieftainess from "Niua Tobu Tabu," to whom his mother had betrothed him when a child.

In Tonga marriages are arranged by the parents, the young couple seldom having anything to say in the matter. But our King has a determined will, and in this affair refused to be guided by old customs. He loved Lavinia, daughter of the Minister of Police, and told his chiefs he intended to marry her. Many predicted the ceremony would never occur, as they said he would not dare to ignore the wishes of his people. However, King George not only dared to wed her, but he made her the first Queen of the Tongan Islands.

George Tubou II. is a handsome man, being six feet three inches in height, and turning the scales at three hundred pounds. In complexion he resembles the Mexicans (Tongans are lighter than Hawaiians), with a most gentle expression in his beautiful brown eyes. He was educated in New Zealand, and speaks English in a soft, well-modulated voice. In looks and bearing he is every inch a king, and as he stood by the throne-chair in his own

COLONEL WILLIAM A. KOBBÉ,
Major 3d Artillery.

splendid chapel awaiting the arrival of his bride, dressed in full uniform, his breast adorned with glittering decorations, his crimson robe, ermine-trimmed, upheld by two little boys of high rank attired in page suits of red and white velvet (the Tongan national colors), one could not realize that all this was happening on an island belonging to a group which many of your readers have supposed to be still lingering in heathenism and beyond the pale of civilization.

Quite a flutter of excitement passed over the assembled guests as Lavinia entered the church, leaning upon the arm of her father, Kubu, Minister of Police. She was exquisitely attired in white satin trimmed profusely with Honiton lace, and from her shoulders fell the train, composed of silver and white heavy brocade, fully five yards in length, which was held by her six bridemaids dressed in white silk. The bride's trousseau was made in Sydney, and is very elaborate. King George is just twenty-four, and his Queen is nineteen.

After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was given, which was enjoyed by a large number of invited guests. The wedding-cake was cut by the Queen, who used her husband's sword for the purpose. During the afternoon the palace, for the first time, was thrown open, and all Nukualofa availed itself of the invitation to attend the levee given by their Majesties. George Tubou is giving his subjects an object-lesson in adopting European customs.

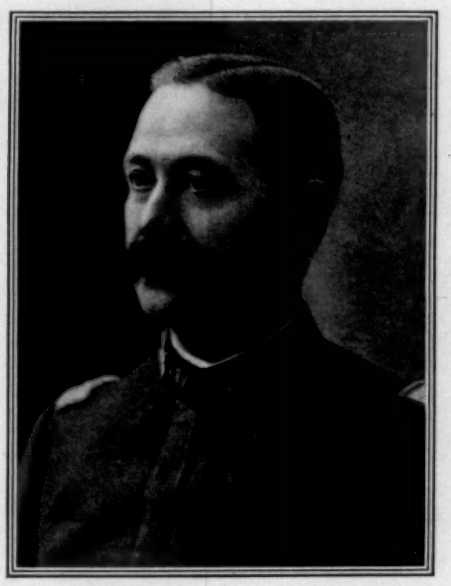
Native dress consists of a vala, or a kilt, composed of tapa, a piece of native cloth, worn alike by both sexes, men covering their bodies with a shirt, while a kofu (or short Mother Hubbard) to the knees completes the women's attire. On grand occasions the latter is of satin or velvet, and finest mats replace the valas, which are always worn in the presence of a chief.

Man and wife never partake of food together, the male portion of the family eating in one part of the lawn and the females in another. Their meals generally consist of yams, plantains, pork, fish, and delicious puddings made of manioc and cocoanut. When infants reach the age of one year, their heads are shaved quite smoothly by a sharp piece of glass—a bottle usually being broken for that purpose. Upon the death of a great chief, women and maidens who possess luxuriant tresses sometimes cut all off save one lock to show their grief.

Although these islands are entirely independent, it is believed that England guards them; and while she never interferes with their form of government, yet she would never allow any other nation to seize them, they being in too close proximity to New Zealand, Fiji, and Cook Islands. So, with such a protection, and the wise ruling of King George Tubou II. and Queen Lavinia I., the outlook is bright for a new era of peace and prosperity.

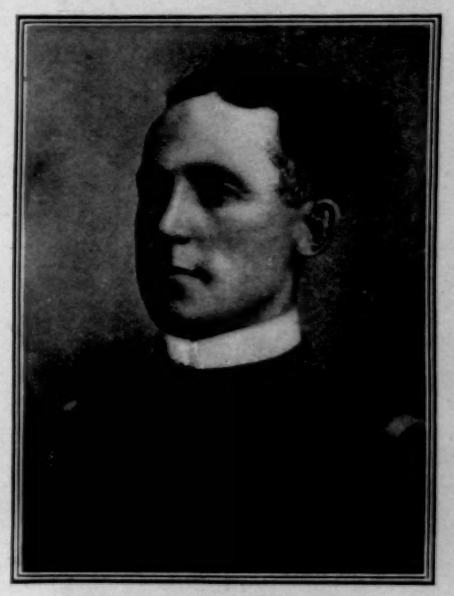
KATE MCLENNAN.

TONGA TABU, OR FRIENDLY ISLANDS, *June 5, 1899.*



COLONEL E. E. HARDIN,
Captain 7th U. S. Infantry, late Colonel 2d New York Volunteers.

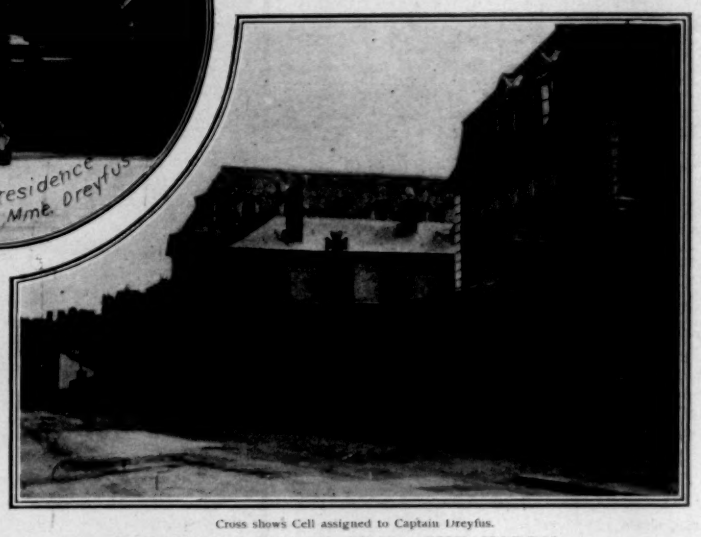
COLONEL JAMES S. PETTIT,
Captain 1st U. S. Infantry, late Colonel 4th U. S. V. I.



COLONEL ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE,
First Lieutenant 2d U. S. Cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Montana Volunteers.

OFFICERS APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE NEW VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS NOW RECRUITING FOR SERVICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

SALLE DE MAINTENON, WHERE THE NEW COURT MARTIAL WILL SIT.



Cross shows Cell assigned to Captain Dreyfus.
MILITARY PRISON FROM THE NORTH.

RENNES—PREPARING FOR THE RETRIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY G. W. CARRYL.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER, KUBU, ON THE WAY TO THE CHURCH.

THE BRIDEMAIDS, ARRAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPEAN DRESS.

TONGAN WEDDING DANCE.

TONGA—THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE TUBOU II.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 717.]

THE TERROR OF POVERTY GULCH

By Fitz-James McCarthy (Fitz-Mac)

I.

WHAT was once known in Colorado as "the Gunnison rush" has long passed into the hazy realms of tradition. It was an exciting period while it lasted, and for a mining craze it lasted an unusual while.

In its primary motives human nature is the same everywhere; but in the suddenly formed mining-camps of the West its superficial phenomena are modified by new and picturesque groupings, which often reveal unexpected and interesting phases of character.

It is the incongruous elements of this race for wealth—as of any race—that render it picturesque. If only those whose experience had any relation to mining joined in these rushes to new mining-camps they would be very tame affairs. But the pitiful senselessness of the effort, so far as concerns the greater number of the participants, imparts a certain ludicrous pathos to the scene—a hysterical cheerfulness that vibrates between a laugh and a sob, like any other form of insanity.

The experience is theatrical—that is the charm of it—a farce-tragedy with Chance for scene-shifter and Hope and Despair taking turn about at the prompt-book.

Like all the other camps of the Gunnison region, Poverty Gulch had its day and its own special rush. People who got discouraged at White Pine or Irwin rushed to Poverty Gulch or Gothic, and those disappointed in Poverty Gulch or Gothic rushed off to some other point whither the *ignis fatuus* of hope lured them.

Mr. Edgar Chadburn was the United States deputy mineral-surveyor at Gothic. No surveyor had yet been appointed at Poverty Gulch, and when Sam McGruder decided to have the Ibex claim surveyed he had to send over to Gothic for Chadburn to do the job. It was toward the end of an October afternoon when Chadburn rode slowly up the gulch with his surveying outfit packed behind his saddle. He was a strikingly intelligent-looking and handsome young man of twenty-three or twenty-four.

It happened that he had never been called over before, and as the sun goes down early in those deep mountain gulches, he was anxious to reach McGruder's cabin before dark. He knew it was in the gulch, but had no idea where he should find it. Already he had passed several rough little windowless huts, most of them half buried in the hill-side and covered with sods, but these were the abodes of miners who were out on the mountains, and he had come upon no one of whom he could make inquiry.

Presently he came upon a cabin standing in the open, close to the road, which rejoiced in the distinction of a half-sash window each side of the door, above which, printed upon a strip of cloth, was tacked a sign bearing the following comprehensive enumeration of arts and industries:

> HOT COFFEE & DOUGHNUTS
> at all hours
>
> LESSONS ON THE PIANO & BANJO
>
> WASHING & IRONING
> neatly done
>
> Mrs. L. Barclay
> Mrs. M. Sullivan

Smoke issued from the chimney, and Chadburn rode up to the door and called. There was no answer. He got down and knocked, but no one came. Lifting the latch, he pushed the door open.

The room had a deserted appearance, neither the appliances of the laundry nor the instruments of the divine art of music being visible. The stump of a log smouldered in the fireplace and some potatoes were roasting in the ashes. There was a double bunk in one corner, upon which lay the remains of an old mattress. Near the fireplace was a ragged lounge, over which a battered gray blanket was spread. A cheap cotton comfortable tossed back and the miner's pillow—a flour-sack stuffed with hay—showed that it was the bed of whoever occupied the cabin. There was a pine table under one of the windows, and on this were a few cheap dishes, and an old lard-can which served as a water-bucket.

Chadburn concluded that the cabin was at present occupied by some poor miner, and he was withdrawing, when his glance fell upon a doll with its head stuffed into the sugar-bowl and its legs dangling in the air. Being a sentimental young man, he could not resist the impulse to pause and examine it. The anomaly of such a thing in the cabin of a miner who, from the look of the room, appeared to be "baching," amused his fancy. It clearly indicated a child in the household, and he wondered, seeing there was really no bed except the lounge.

The doll appeared to have shared the privations of the family, and to have borne a disastrous part in its domestic infelicities, for her nose was broken, her skull irreparably fractured, and her legs and arms lacerated by recent wounds, through which the sawdust ebbed slowly away with every movement. One leg was nearly torn from the trunk, while the only attire she could boast was a single garment of the most rudimentary construction—its original use to be suspected from the words "Pure Solar Salt" in blue letters across the front.

As Chadburn was remounting he heard peals of children's laughter from the aspen thicket behind the cabin. Hoping to find some one who could direct him to McGruder's cabin, or perhaps only because, being a sentimental young fellow, he had a sympathy with children's laughter as well as with children's tears, he left his horse, and crossing the little stream, now nearly dry, that ran behind the house, walked along a few rods through the brush, till he saw, beyond, in a more open spot, the group from whom the laughter had proceeded.

They had bent over some of the taller of the little aspens and were swinging and teetering on them. The ringleader of the company was a slender and supple girl of perhaps nine or ten, with a tangled brush of reddish-brown hair. Her scanty clothing was a miracle of rags. She was clinging with both hands to one of the bent-over trees and throwing herself with marvellous agility through the figures of that gymnastic feat known to the sturdy boyhood of America as "skin the cat," for the delectation of six or seven boys and girls, mostly smaller than herself. It was this that occasioned the laughter and applause.

She was herself the first to perceive the presence of the uninvited guest upon the scene, and dropping in alarm from the tree, she gave an intimation to the others that startled them all to their feet, and then sprang after a young bull-dog with a bit of clothes-line attached to his neck, who was sportively making off with her battered straw hat.

Foreseeing that he should startle the little audience, Chadburn had stood off at some little distance, silently watching the naïve entertainment, with an amused smile upon his handsome face.

Snatching her hat from the pup's teeth, the girl rewarded him with an affectionate kick, and catching up the rope, dragged him after her and joined the startled group who stood staring at the intruder. With a toss of her head to reassure the frightened youngsters, she called out, boldly: "What you want? You ha'n't scart nobody!"

Chadburn was too much amused at her childish bravado and her fantastic appearance to recall very definitely the motive that had brought him to the spot, and he stood for a moment looking the girl over, with a smile that both frightened and vexed her.

Wild, tousled, ragged, and unkempt as she was, there was still a grace and boldness and brightness about the child which captivated the young man's imagination at once, and marked her as of a distinctly different fibre from the juvenile yokels who surrounded her.

Yet the other children, if dirty-faced and neglected, were warmly and sufficiently clothed, while the garb of the young gymnast was pitifully miserable. It was evident that the pup had long made a familiar plaything of her straw hat. Her feet were covered with the wreck of a pair of fine gaiters, which appeared to have been discarded for sufficient cause by some dainty giantess of the camp. There was nothing suggestive of hosiery about

her ankles, but she wore a pair of boy's trousers that somewhat protected her legs from the sharp weather, though they were badly exploded at the knees. Her dress, which had originally been a warm woollen garment, she had long outgrown. The skirt and sleeves were in shreds, and the front of the waist was so bedaubed with dirt and grease that it had more the appearance of a plaster than a garment. It might be said rather to indicate her sex than to clothe her. Her wrists and hands were dirty, and chapped and red from the cold.

His smile disconcerted the girl more than menaces would have done. It suggested the idea of ridicule. She gave an imperative intimation to the boys of the group, and without taking her eyes from the intruder's face, reached down and picked up a cobblestone. Each of the boys promptly armed himself in the same way.

Then tossing her head again with a childish bravado that captivated the smiling stranger, she called out, "Now gimme any more o' your sass an' I'll heave a rock at you!"

With increasing amusement Chadburn threw up his hands in mock alarm, and called out: "Oh, pray don't! I beg a thousand pardons. I want to make some inquiries. Do you live in this cabin?"

"Course I do!"

"Oh, you do! May I beg to ask if you are the lady who conducts the laundry enterprise or the lady who offers her services in the art of music? Are you Mrs. Barclay or Mrs. Sullivan?"

The older of the children perceived that this was badinage, and glancing furtively at their leader, began to snicker.

"None o' your business," retorted the girl. "Gimme any more o' your sass an' I'll sick Tige on you. Tige!" She jerked the rope and dragged the dog to the front to be ready for emergencies; but again Chadburn raised his hands protestingly and declared he had intended no offence.

"I simply want to inquire where Mr. McGruder's cabin is."

"Goin' to McGruder's?" asked the child, eagerly. "Oh, I ken show you where it is, mister!" and calling out, "Young uns, go home," she dragged the resisting pup after her, and darting fearlessly up to Chadburn's side, pointed out to him a cabin, about half a mile up the gulch, which, being on the hill-side, was visible.

The surveyor, who by this time was much less interested in reaching McGruder's than in studying the wild, fascinating child, reached down and took her cold and dirty little hand in his own kindly, and opened and shut his warm palm over her cold and chapped little wrist to promote the circulation.

The sentimental fellow saw a kind of inchoate beauty in the heavy tangle of reddish-brown hair that rolled into a spontaneous curl at the back of her neck, in the broad forehead, and in the fearless, honest, and penetrating blue-gray eyes. The lashes were long and heavy and dark, and the eyebrows were distinct and delicately arched—the whole indicating in his mind a fine mental and physical organization, which was clearly being undermined by want and neglect, and depraved by miserable, if not evil, associations. It filled the kind heart of Chadburn with a divine pity. It touched the chord of fatherhood.

"You don't live here all alone?" he asked, as they walked toward the cabin.

"Oh yes, I do now, since Mag and Lil cleared out."

"They have cleared out, have they, and left the cabin to you?"

"Yes—had to. Didn't have no kind o' luck. Mag she took the newmony, and lit out for Gunnison as soon as she got well—wasn't washin' enough here to pay her, anyway—and Lil she said it was lonesome enough here to kill a dawg, with Mag gone, and she couldn't stand it."

"And they left you here all alone?"

"No, not all alone; you know, I've got Tige."

"But don't you get lonesome?"

"Ho! no! Tige's lots o' comp'ny—ain't you, Tige? Smartest dawg that ever was—ain't you, Tige? Knows every word you say to him—don't you, Tige? Ought to see him fight! Can shake the everlastin' stuffin' out of anything in the gulch—can't you, Tige?"

"But how do you manage to live?"

"Oh, I get along. Lil, she gives me lots o' things. She's awful good, poor Lil is. And the boys they give me a good deal. They're awful good too."

The cheerful and unconscious courage of the little girl, and her gratitude for the evidently precarious and insufficient benefactions which enabled her to live—doubtless often hungry and certainly often cold, but still nobody's drudge and always free—struck Chadburn as really more pathetic in a child than tears would have been. He perfectly understood that by "the boys" the untutored child referred to the miners and other men of the camp.

"But what will you do when winter comes?"

"Oh, I dun'no'; maybe I'll take boarders."

"Take boarders! Then you know how to cook, do you?"

"You bet I ken cook. Mag learnt me a lot about cookin'. I ken cook 'most as good as Mag ken."

"Then perhaps I can get supper with you?"

"Oh, I wisht I could get supper for you; but me and Tige had comp'ny to-day, and we et everything up—'cept the 'taters."

"Oh, you had a party, did you?"

"Yes," she said, pushing the door open; "them youngsters. Oh, we've had a lovely time, and Tige he most tore the clothes off'n one o' the boys—didn't you, Tige? But he was on'y playin'—wasn't you, Tige?"

The dog, whose natural intelligence had been sharpened by his intimate companionship with the lonely child, hearing himself addressed, stood off a couple of yards, with his heavy and powerful fore shoulders squared, blinking the raw red lids of his bright eyes, and tilting his head continually as he watched the facial expression of the girl, evidently translating it into something he understood better than human words.

"But perhaps you could get me up a cup of hot coffee?" suggested Chadburn, who was anxious to give the little waif some money.

"Can't. We et all the supper up. If I thought Lil had any money, I'd go up to the store and buy some things an' get supper for you," she said, reflectively, and then added: "But I know she 'a'n't. Lil don't get much money."

"Is this Lil your mother?"

"N-naw!" answered the child, with a scorn of the possibility.

"Nor this other woman—Mag, as you call her?"

"Ho! no! Mag is Irish. I a'n't Irish. I'm French. Lil says I'm a creole. My mother's dead. She give me to Lil when she's dyin'. I was a little weenty girl."

"Where is your father—dead too?" A purpose had begun to form vaguely in Chadburn's mind, which made him anxious in the matter of this last inquiry.

"Ho, I dun'no'! Somewheres, I guess. Maybe he's dead too. Lil says she more'n half believes he must be. She says he a'n't nothin' but a low-down ornery tin horn anyhow, 'coz he never treated my ma right. Ma was a lady. Lil says so."

"Where is this Lil now, and why don't you stay with her?"

"Stay with her? Why, Lil's took up with the barber, and she plays the peeanner at the gamblin'-house nights. Mag 'd jes slap the jaws off'n me if she ketched me stayin' up there with Lil. Mag and me's goin' to open boardin'-house soon's she gets money 'nough."

Chadburn let her run on. He was interested in every word she uttered now, because every word reflected some light upon her nature or revealed something of the influences that had formed her present character. There was a pathos to him in every vulgar phrase she uttered, because each affected him as a separate misfortune to a helpless child, the result of an association to which he felt sure she was not born.

The child ran on: "After Mag left, Lil couldn't stand it here—said it was so doggoned lonesome. Lil is a poor weak pilgrim, as Mag used to say, an' 'a'n't got a bit o' backbone in her. She can't stand the lonesomes. But I guess she's kinder lonesome up there too. Cried like everything, she did, yesterd'y, when she was down here to see me. It's jest as Mag says—she 'a'n't got no backbone. She's jest awful good, though, Lil is. Brought me two pound o' sugar yisterd'y, an' a bag full o' cakes. Lil a'n't a bit stingy. Goin' to get me a nice new dress next week, when she draws her pay. But I don't believe Lil gets much money, poor thing! 'A'n't got so very much clothes herself."

"Oh, I believe I've forgotten to ask you what your name is," said Chadburn.

"Why, Flopsy, of course! but 'ta'n't *really* Flopsy, you know, it's Florence. My whole name is Florence Gordonier, and I can write it with a pen."

"What is that thing in the sugar-bowl?"

"That?" said the child, darting forward and snatching up the doll. "Oh, that's Flipsy! Tige most tore the leg off'n her to-day. Tige, I'll kick the stuffin' out o' you for that!"

She sprang upon the hapless pup like a fury, but, divining his danger, he scurried under the lounge for refuge.

"I guess your doll's done for," said Chadburn.

"Sh—sh—sh!" said the wild child. "I don't want her to know she's a doll. Yes, I guess poor Flipsy's goose is cooked. She was going to be married, too, soon's I got money to buy her a new dress, if Tige hadn't gone and bit her all to pieces; but I lammed him good for it, you bet!"

"Why did you put her in there?"

"Why, so's she could lick the sugar-bowl and wouldn't cry."

The fantastic conceit made Chadburn laugh, though tears were in his eyes. The pathos of a child's hungry emotions pushed to the extremity of nourishing the heart upon such a make-believe filled him with compassion, and he drew the girl's slender, ragged figure within the circle of his arm and kissed her dirty face. His mind was nearly made up.

"See here," he said, trying to speak cheerfully, though his voice was husky; "what are you going to do for supper yourself?"

"Oh, I've got 'taters."

"And wood and light? The fire is most out."

"Oh, I must hurry and rustle up some wood before dark. There's all the light Tige and me wants when I throw the wood on after dark and make the fire blaze. I go to bed purty early when I 'a'n't got wood; but when I've got lots I make it blaze up, and then Tige and me sits down by the fire, and I tell stor'es to Tige about bears and rabbits. Oh, Tige and me most ketched a rabbit one day!"

"See here," said Chadburn, putting a silver dollar on the table; "I'd like to come back and have supper with you and Tige. I'm going up to McGruder's now; but perhaps Mrs. McGruder will not ask me to supper, and if she doesn't, I'll come back here. In fact, I'll come back here anyhow. I want to hear some of those stories you tell Tige."

The child was wild with delight. "Oh, Tige!" she exclaimed; "a dollar! We'll make b'lieve it's a party. Would you care if we do?"

Chadburn assured her he regarded the festal idea as an inspiration.

"Now get some—let me see—some eggs to boil; a quart of new milk; a loaf of bread; a whole lot of cakes—the kind you like best; a little piece of cheese—not too much cheese, you know; about a pound of sugar—lump-sugar, of course, if that's what you like best; half a pound of candy—"

"Candy? Oh, Tige, candy! It's goin' to be a *real* party!"

"Then, say, some nuts or an apple apiece for you and me, and last a bone from the butcher's for Tige."

"Oh, Tige! on'y think! He'll jes go wild!"

"But look here; when everything is ready, sit down and eat—you and Tige. Don't wait for me a minute. I may be late, and I know you must be hungry. Drink all the milk up, and eat some eggs and bread, and all the cake you want, but be sure and save a little of the candy for me."

"Oh yes, lots of it. But don't be late, will you? It won't seem like a party with on'y Tige and me. An' I won't give Tige his bone till you come, so's you ken see how glad he'll be."

II.

NEARLY half an hour later, when dusk had fallen upon the gulch, Chadburn, who had met McGruder at the little huddle of shanty stores and shops which constituted "the camp," and was speaking with him in the post-office, heard a commotion in the street and saw a rush of shouting boys and men run past.

"On'y a dawg-fight," he heard some one say as he stepped out to see what it meant.

A little up the street, through the changing circle of the crowd that surrounded them, he caught glimpses of the infuriated yowling brutes rushing at each other fiercely and tumbling together about the road, while the crowd swayed and scattered from this side to that to keep out of their way. Some of the more decent of the men tried to snatch at their legs to pull them apart, while others yelled: "Let 'em alone!" "Keep off!" "Let 'em have it out!" "I bet on the bull pup!" "I bet on the setter!" "Keep off there; let 'em alone!"

Chadburn was turning away in disgust, when a little figure with an armful of small packages darted by him and sprang into the crowd. The boys gave a shout: "Ho! Flopsy! It's Flopsy!"

"The Terror's on deck this trip. There'll be fun now," Chadburn heard one of the men say, as he rushed after the hostess of the recently arranged banquet to draw her away.

The savage spirit of the entertainment had by this time communicated itself to the audience, who had taken sides generally with the dogs, and were yelling: "Get off that rope!" "Cuff that boy!" "Don't you dare!" "Pull that child away; she'll get killed!" "Let the Terror alone; she's all right! Go in, Flopsy, and help the pup!"

Infuriated by the brutal sentiments of the crowd towards the neglected child, Chadburn, who was but a step behind, pushed the people savagely out of his way to seize her, but reached the ring only in time to realize a swift whirl and tumble of dogs and rags, with the air filled with cakes and broken eggs and scattered candy.

Before he could reach her she had struck on her feet again and dashed at the face of a boy, who, with the cunning meanness of his age, had, unseen, been standing on the rope that hung from the young dog's neck, thereby giving every advantage to the setter.

Some of the small boys rushed up to trip the girl, and some men, on discovering the foul play upon the pup, rushed up to cuff the lad, and, as usual, others to take his part. A general town fight was imminent, but in a minute all was over with a laugh. The staying qualities of the young bull-dog had given him the victory the instant he had fair play, and the badly punished setter shot out between the legs of the crowd, while the pugnacious Tige flew loyally to the rescue of his little champion, and the boys hastily scattered to escape his teeth, followed by a volley of cobblestones which the girl fired after them.

Picking up her little ruin of a hat, Chadburn placed it on her head, blushing with mortification as he did so, for he had already secretly adopted the child into his heart, and her shame or glory he felt must be now and henceforth his own.

He seized her firmly by the arm as she was flinging another stone after the boys. She turned on him with fury in her face, and raised her foot to kick him in the legs; but seeing who it was, and catching the serious and reproachful look in his face, she instantly wilted and hung her head. He put his arm kindly over her shoulder. Melted by this evidence of sympathy, the impetuous child burst into a passion of tears, and flinging her arms about his waist, sobbed, with her dirty little face against the loyal breast that was henceforth to be the refuge of her neglected life.

Suddenly recollecting the banquet, the girl turned about, and seeing all her little purchases scattered and trampled in the street, gave a moan of despair, and looking up at Chad, exclaimed, bitterly: "Ohoo! now we can't have no party. Are you mad at me?"

Chad did not answer, but putting his hand over her little shoulder, drew her against him tenderly. He heard one of the men standing about say: "Chip in, boys. You've had your fun, but the girl's lost her grub. Stake." And before he could interfere, some one had slipped a couple of dollars in silver change into the child's hand. The men in the gulches are always willing to pay for their entertainment, though perhaps too much inclined to take it *au naturel*.

At that instant a faded woman of probably thirty-five, in a bedraggled wrapper, and having a general look of ill health and bleached hair, burst out of a restaurant, and running up to them in a tremor of excitement, clasped the child in her arms.

"Le' me be, Lil," said the girl. "I a'n't hurt a bit. Tige licked."

When Chadburn walked up with McGruder to supper, he led the child by the hand. She had forgotten the conflict, and was munching candy by the handful.

"No, fetch her along. We can fix a shake-down. It 'll please the old woman. She's had an eye on the child and has thought of taking her, but the youngster is sich a holy terror with that dawg, an' she won't give him up. Couldn't send her to the store on an errand. Why, the little devil raises a riot every time she comes into camp with that pup! And throw stones! But she's smart—the child's as smart as lightnin'. Everybody likes her, but the men plague her, and get the dawg into fights to see her throw stones at the boys."

This was what McGruder said when Chad asked to be excused from supper in order to take his little protégée home.

Chadburn went down to the principal saloon, which was also the principal gambling-house, that evening, and during the intervals of the music was seen to converse quietly with the pianist. It must have been serious and earnest conversation, for the wretched woman drew a dirty handkerchief several times and wiped her eyes. She seemed to be giving a tearful but ready assent to Chadburn's proposition, and she was overheard to reiterate insistently, "One of the first of the old creole families of Baton Rouge." Chadburn shook hands with her when leaving, and there was in his manner an air of compassion and qualified respect.

"It's all right, Mr. Chadburn," said the motherly Mrs. McGruder. "She'll be a kind of a care and worry to you, of course, but it 'll be a kind o' care and worry that will pay, for the girl's awful bright and smart, and I think she's real purty when you come to get the dirt off'n her. She knows more'n you think, too, about cookin'. Now she jes stood there and turned them pancakes this mornin' like any old hand. Oh, it is all right! 'Ta'n't as if she'd been brought up fmicky. She's used to knockin' around and lookin' out for herself. It 'll do a young feller like you lots o' good to have jes that care over a child—keep you from runnin' round to the saloons when

you're idle, to have a little girl to look after; and she ken help you with your cookin' a good deal."

So when Chadburn left Poverty Gulch after completing the official survey of McGruder's claim, the Terror and her pugnacious dog went with him.

She was not as much cast down at the severing of old neighborhood ties as Chadburn had feared. Her temper was hopeful and brave, and besides she had fallen deeply in love with Chad and trusted him. The handsome fellow felt this trustfulness far more than if the Terror had been a "tame child," but he had misgivings about its lasting that made him take it soberly. While waiting for the stage in front of the shanty store she bought a lot of candy and "gave a party" on the sidewalk to the boys and girls, overlooking any coolness that might have hitherto existed between herself and any of them.

There was an unexpected exhibition of sincere good feeling for the child in the last moments. Galbraith, who kept the general grocery and hardware store, brought out a gorgeous dog collar with a padlock, and gave it to her for Tige.

She was overcome and speechless by Galbraith's generosity, for the *entente cordiale* between herself and him had lately been interrupted by the circumstance of her having thrown a stone through his window "for calling names" and kicking Tige out of the store.

A number of little gifts from others, and of dimes and quarters from the mining-men who happened to be about, testified how completely the poor little hoyden had filled the public eye of the gulch. The baker brought her a bag of molasses cakes to cheer her journey; the butcher came out laughing with some chuck meat in a brown paper for the dog. This attention was the more unexpected and embarrassing to the Terror because she had scornfully declined to recognize the existence of the butcher since he had threatened to cut Tige's head off with his cleaver for sneaking meat from the shop. But her good fortunes had softened the asperity of her feelings, and she had the generosity to ignore the past and receive the gift in the spirit in which it was tendered. The little milliner of the camp rushed back to her shop and cut off a piece of blue veil stuff for the traveller to wear over her face. It probably seemed to her a pity, now that it was washed, to have it get chapped by the raw fall wind. Women are thoughtful about little things that way.

Poor Lil herself, looking too wretched for tears, had brought her a clean pocket-handkerchief, and after showing her how to use it, with an amiable caution to "be a lady" and not wipe her nose any more with her fist, drew her aside and embraced the final opportunity to inculcate, in a low tone of voice, some moral precepts upon the child's neglected mind. "I hope you'll think of me, Flopsy. We've seen hard times together these last few years, but I've always tried to do the best I could for you. I've shared what I had, if it wasn't much, just as I promised your poor dyin' maw I would, and I don't want you to blame me when you grow up and know things. I've had bad luck, Flopsy. You don't know things yet, but you will. I 'a'n't had any real health in the West, and I don't feel as if I should live very long—and I don't want to," she added, desperately.

"Florence"—the solemnity of her emotions betrayed her into calling the child by her right name—"I want you to remember always you come of good family, and never let yourself down to anything low; now remember that. Be a lady always, like your mother was—a perfect lady. Your paw used to be a real elegant gentleman, too, before he ran through with his money and got down. It changed him; it changes every one, Florence, to get down and not have money. But I think you're going to have good luck and an easy life, thank Gawd. I think that's a real elegant gentleman. Now, Florence, oh, do mind him good, like a real little lady, so's he'll love you and you'll have good luck.

"Gawd knows I've done the best I could for you, but, Florence, you'll never know till you grow up and know things how much bad luck I've had since Mr. Barclay and me was divorced. But don't you ever tell anything, if you should ever get back to the old home where your maw and I were girls. Just tell 'em I got down poor and had to teach music for my living."

Kissing the child as she would have kissed her in her coffin, the miserable woman, less wanton than weak, the victim of false notions of the nature of luck, pressed the corner of her shawl over her mouth to conceal her sobs, and hurried away. Chadburn shook hands with her kindly as she passed him, but neither of them spoke.

Though the Terror shed no tears, she was dumb with the pity and pain of the scene, and was profoundly impressed. Galbraith kissed her as he picked her up and swung her into the coach. She clung to his hand hesitatingly an instant, and then pulled him over and whispered in his ear, "I'm sorry I throwed the stone." There was a husky, hysterical quaver in his voice as he said to Chad, "We'll miss the little thing here," and hurried into the store.

After the coach had gone, there was a general movement among the miners and others standing about to shake hands with Chad. None of them felt able to say anything that would adequately express the emotions of the moment, but they wrung his hand with a silent eloquence of sympathy. Their souls applauded though their lips were dumb. There was the pride of brotherhood in the admiration with which they looked at him.

It was a sublime and deep-pulsating moment in the heart experiences of the little camp. Along the sordid, surging current of common life such eddies of pure and tender feeling, of sublimated sympathy, of loving brotherly pride of man in man, are rare, but they do occur, and they keep alive the divinity within us.

It gave Chad a deep satisfaction to reflect, as he rode off, that the poor little fantastic waif, whom he was taking more and more into the inner chambers of his heart, had not passed her life in Poverty Gulch as a door that cometh and goeth upon its hinges.

When he overtook the stage-coach that day, which, fortunately, Tige and the Terror had entirely to themselves down as far as Crested Butte, he found his interesting protégée with her body projected through the window, beckoning him furiously to hurry up. Wearying of the monotonous grandeur of the scenery, she had divested herself of such incumbrances as hood and shawl, and having tied her veil over Tige's head, had been indulging herself in the perilous amusement of seeing how far she could hang out of the window without falling under the wheels. She was enjoying the ride immensely, and felt that a Concord stage-coach was a vehicle not to be improved upon, except by the addition of a cross-bar on which a weary passenger like herself might occasionally relax her cramped muscles by the invigorating exercise of "skinning the cat."

When Chadburn rode alongside, she called out to him that Tige was burning to get out and run with him, and might she let him. "No!" said he, promptly, and a little severely, for he was irritated by her crazy behavior. "Keep in the coach there yourself, and put on your things."

"All right, Chad," she called out, cheerfully. It was one of the peculiarities of the Terror's frank and naïve temperament that she ignored all distinctions of age and condition, and never took a roundabout course to anybody's name if there was a shorter cut across lots. "All right, Chad, if you say so. Whatever you say goes with Tige and me. Don't it, Tige?"

His impatience was disarmed, and he gave her one of his own peculiar beautiful smiles, half merriment and half irony, which seemed like the illumination of heaven to the benighted heart of the Terror—the illumination of heaven with just a little cloud of doubt about it, which rather increased the interest, as a little doubt will in affairs of the heart.

In five minutes she flung herself half-way through the coach window again and called back to Chad to know if he was having a good time. He smiled and nodded.

"All right, then, Chad, but I'd feel safer about you if you'd let Tige come out and run with you."

He smiled again, but shook his head decisively.

"All right, then! Whatever you say goes," she called back, cheerfully; for she had caught his smile.

It was by the power of his smile that Chad controlled, subdued, and yet always encouraged the boisterous, generous, sensitive, untamed child. For her it had a thousand tones, and every tone was musical with a beauty that never palled upon her fearless and loyal little spirit.

The man only can smile. Only once in a generation is a woman born into the world gifted by Heaven with the ravishing, rapturous smile full of beauty and of love. Every man of us sees her once, but she quickly fades from the embrace of most of us, and we call it a delusion.

There fell a day in the flight of time when Chadburn, with the glow of heaven in his own eyes, discovered that the Terror of Poverty Gulch was the woman of his epoch! He thinks so still. He may be right. Love is eternal.

LONDON

July 1, 1899.

I HAVE spent the past week in Paris studying the Dreyfus question. There is much more than meets the eye; much more than is published in the newspapers, whose violent calumnies recall Hébert's *Père Duchesne* of 1792. The French Prime Minister is publicly denounced as a robber, the War Minister branded as a murderer, the Minister of Commerce held up as a traitor. Dreyfus himself is but a *cheval de bataille*—one symptom of the revolutionary fever which periodically inflames the blood of Frenchmen. Over three hundred disappointed reporters of the French and English press waited at Brest for the returned prisoner. When Marchand landed at Toulon far less public interest was displayed in him than in the prisoner of Devil's Island, whom M. Lebon bound in chains. Dreyfus has already upset two ministries. The present French ministry is a committee of public safety. In the interests of elementary civilization, that *beau sabreur* the Marquis de Galliffet sits at the council table, as Minister of War, with Millerand, the socialist, whose communistic friends he shot down wholesale in the interests of order twenty-nine years ago.

BELIEF in the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus has passed into the domain of religion. Among the Catholics, to question his treachery is regarded as tantamount to infidelity and disobedience to the Church. On the other side, the Jews, the intellectuals, and the Protestants acclaim Dreyfus as a hero; almost as a Messiah. It is a toss-up whether Dreyfus is poisoned in his cell or becomes President of the French republic. Neither acquittal at Rennes nor a fresh condemnation will allay the fever that burns in the veins of France. There is a nameless sense of unrest in the land. The traders yearn for a deliverer, they care not who; they openly lament Boulanger's death. Lack of confidence has emptied Paris of its visitors by dispelling the tranquillity without which neither traders can flourish nor workmen rise. Meantime the Marquis de Galliffet and the Exhibition are the principal guarantees of peace. The desire to make money is stronger than the desire for a change among quiet souls who have something to lose; but with the urban classes who have nothing, exploited by unscrupulous tonguesters, the desire for change is overwhelming. Notwithstanding the strength of conservative influences in France—especially in rural France—anything may happen. Civil government is in a parlous condition. Disillusion is universal; distrust prevails as to the sincerity and good faith of every prominent man. No one seems to believe in anybody or anything—unless superstition is belief, and black superstitions are not confined to clerical circles. A highly placed functionary and a large land-owner informed me, with evident sincerity, that General de Galliffet had only taken office because the state of his finances placed him at the disposal of the "syndicate"—that imaginary syndicate.

THE injustice and cruelty of public opinion recall the days of the Terror. A Christian lady at Rennes, well-to-do and a Protestant, who inscribes in her hall the words of the Master, "Little children, love one another," in obedience to this command wrote to Madame Dreyfus as a perfect stranger, offering her the use of her house, since neither hotel nor lodging dares to shelter the wife of the returned prisoner. When Madame Dreyfus accepted the hospitality of Madame Godard, the torrent of scurrilities and falsehood of the anti-Dreyfusard press surpassed itself. It is like a whiff from the infernal regions to see large masses of educated Frenchmen treat the brave act of a good woman as national treachery and sordid villany. For the nation that claims to be in the van of the world's progress—according to Victor Hugo, "The Christ of nations"—is there any other cure than another "whiff of grape-shot?"

IN August, 1815, two months after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, writing to Lord Castlereagh, expressed the opinion "that the French Revolution and the Treaty of Paris had left France in too great strength for the rest of Europe, and if the policy of the united powers of Europe was to weaken France, that they should do so in reality, but that if peace and tranquillity for a few years was their object, they should refrain from taking those measures" which, in the Duke's opinion, "would alone ensure permanent security for peace." The Duke of Wellington's prescience is shown in the state of France to-day. Her leaders are not men to be safely intrusted with power, while nothing but her impotence against the military preparations of Germany and the naval strength of England prevents an explosion.

THE International Congress of Women, claiming to represent 1,250,000 of them, is in full session in London. Its programme is miscellaneous. International arbitration, Parliamentary enfranchisement, the unpaid services of the housewife, dress in relation to animal life, school from the point of view of primary education, women inspectors, special legislation for children, rescue-work among women, and the responsibilities of women in public life are among the subjects discussed by the ladies assembled. Perhaps the most interesting feature in the congress is the fact that nearly all the progressive ideas are of Anglo-Saxon origin, and that in the future any advance in the position of women of other races will probably be due to the efforts of their English and American sisters. The *Times* and many other redoubtable organs of public opinion favored by mere man sneer at the congress, asking whether the experience of some thousands of years does not suggest doubt whether the voice of woman is not most persuasive when it is pitched in another key. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, two members of the triumvirate now governing England, have pronounced strongly in favor of the woman's movement. It is understood that the Prime Minister regards the gradual entry of woman into municipal and public life as constituting a reserve force against the brutal materialism visible in the recent developments of democracy.

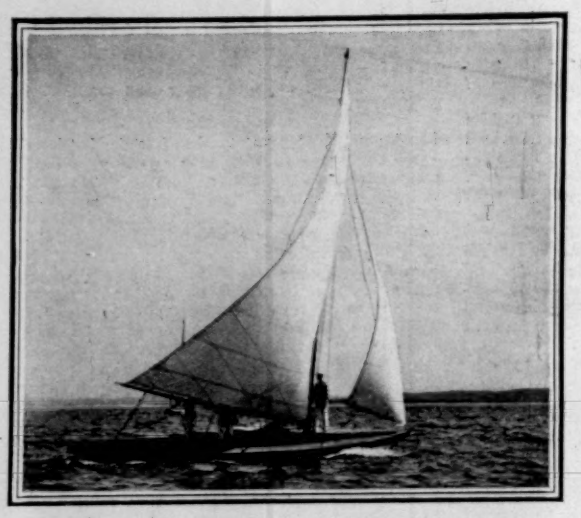
LADY ABERDEEN, the president of the congress, has won golden opinions from the ladies over whom she presides, but has scarcely succeeded in conveying to the outside world what precisely are the objects of the organization of which she is the head. Her ladyship tells us that the women of different religions, races, and education are seeking after "a common consecration to the service of humanity in the spirit of love." The nobility of this sentiment is more apparent than its intelligibility. Lady Aberdeen is known to have come greatly under the influence of the late Professor Drummond, whose works, *The Natural Law in the Spiritual World* and *The Ascent of Man*, enjoyed considerable vogue a few years ago. A graceful haze of undefined thought rested over much that professor wrote—a peculiarity which has descended to his pupil. Still, Lady Aberdeen's efforts for the regeneration of the world through the great international council of the female sex will be heard of again. The irony of life was shown, however, by the fact that the House of Lords chose the very day on which the great gathering of women opened its sittings to deprive the sex in England of the privilege of becoming alderwomen.

AN interpreter from the Chinese Embassy declared that Madame Shen, the delegate from the Celestial Empire, was sent to the conference by special orders from the Emperor, whose experience of the result of female predominance in political affairs is extensive and peculiar. In China the ascendency of the Emperor's aunt is an interesting object-lesson for women. Whatever may be said about this International Congress of Women, there is no doubt that it is exciting immense interest, that some of the sanest and most capable women in England are taking part in it, and that however much effusive rhetoric and irritating gush may offend a fastidious taste, the reality of a great movement must be recognized, one which the shade of Mary Wollstonecraft would delight in. May I venture to add that the features of some of the foreign delegates are really terrible? If the human countenance be any index to disposition and temper, most people would be sorry to come under the political dominion of the ladies in question—until they had acquired the art of compromise in political affairs.

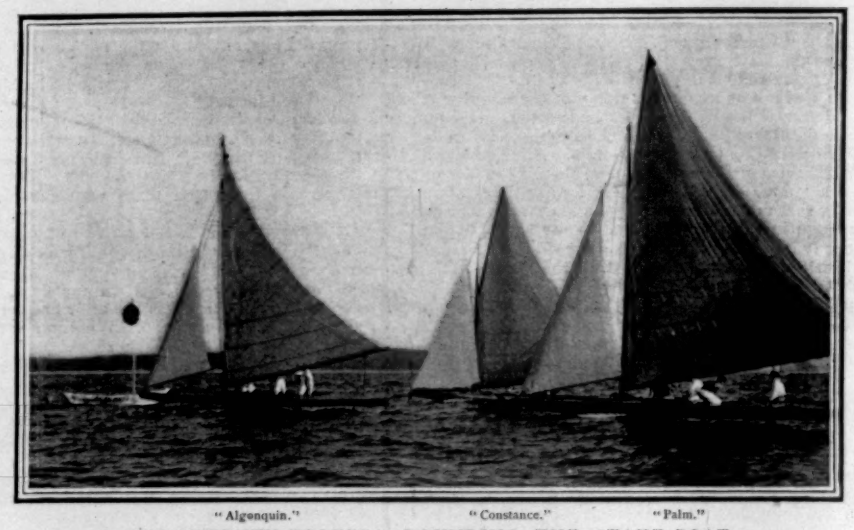
THE approach of the hundredth anniversary of George Washington's death is noticeable by the increased interest of Englishmen in the memory of the most distinguished American. Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to speak of George Washington as perhaps the most perfect figure in history. The better that his name and fame, character and career, are known and appreciated in England the better will be the good understanding between reasonable Englishmen and that portion of the American people who still adhere to the main lines of Washington's Americanism. Although George Washington never saw England, he was essentially English in character, and so clearly embodied the constitutional and liberal opinion on this side that before long a national memorial in or near Westminster Abbey will probably be an accomplished fact.

THE ministry are committing suicide by opening vein after vein. I am informed on high authority that it is at the direct instance and insistence of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour has introduced into the House of Commons a bill for relieving the clergy of a portion of their tithes. The whole sum proposed to be contributed by Parliament to these overrated but ritualistic clergy is only $435,000. The sum is as small as the principle involved is big. Every non-conformist in the country—and a majority of the British are non-conformists—is scandalized at a project for directly endowing 10,000 of the state clergy at such a period as the present even with $40 apiece. Lord Salisbury's motive is unintelligible.

ARNOLD WHITE.

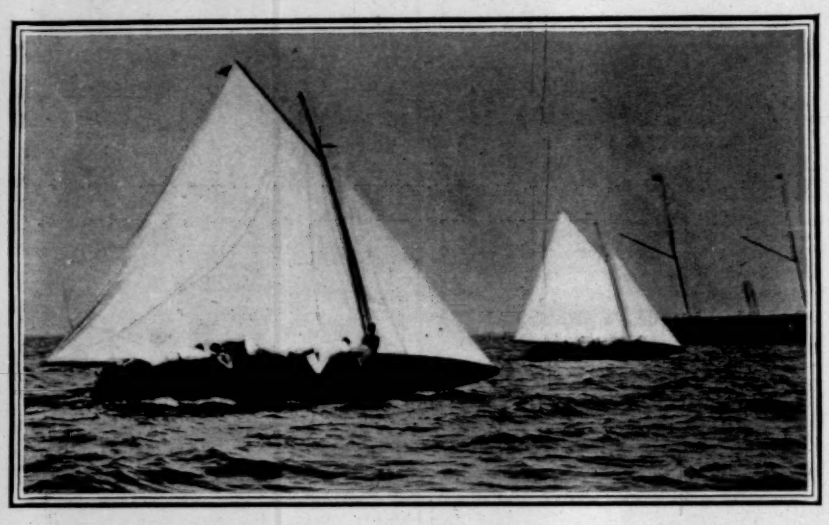


"ALGONQUIN."

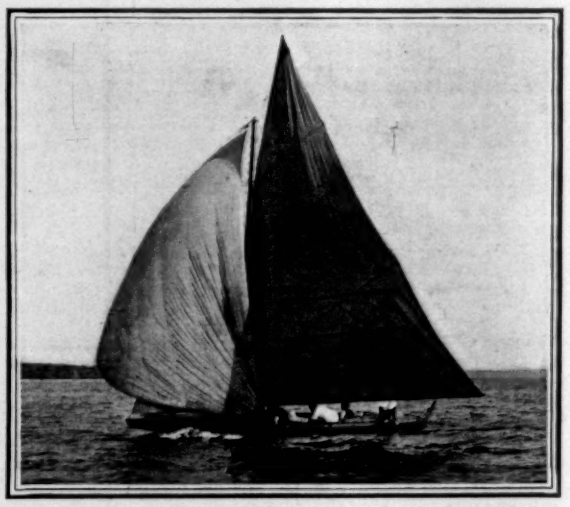


"Algonquin." "Constance." "Palm."

THE TWENTY-FOOTERS—ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT.

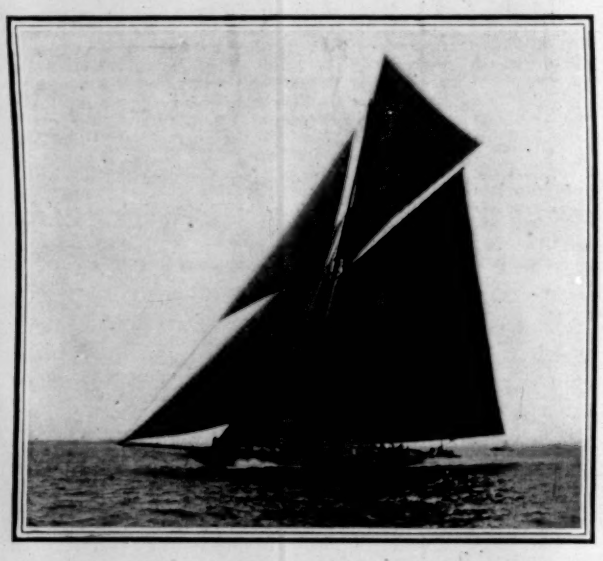


CROSSING THE FINISH-LINE—"CONSTANCE" WINS A CLOSE RACE.

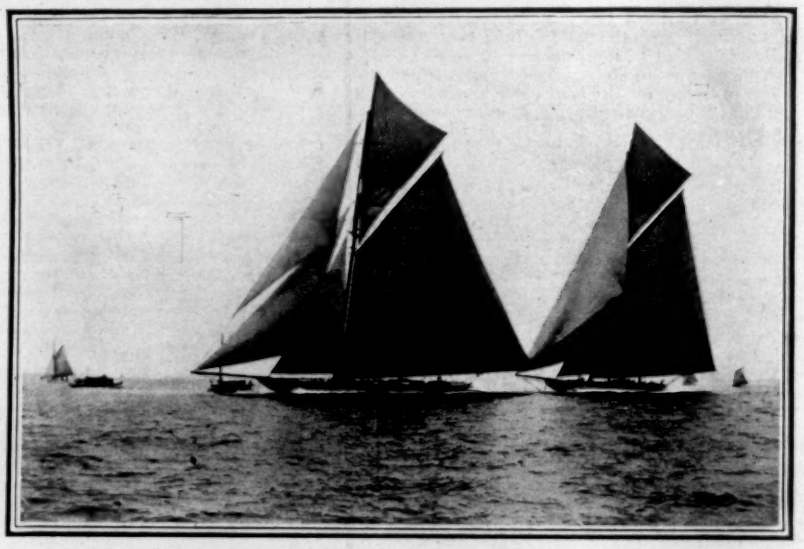


"CONSTANCE."

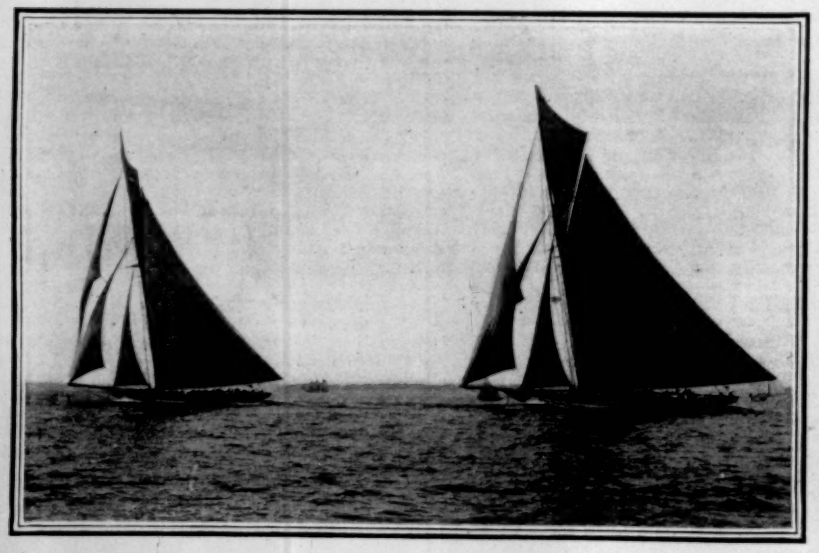
THE REGATTA OF THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB, JULY 4.



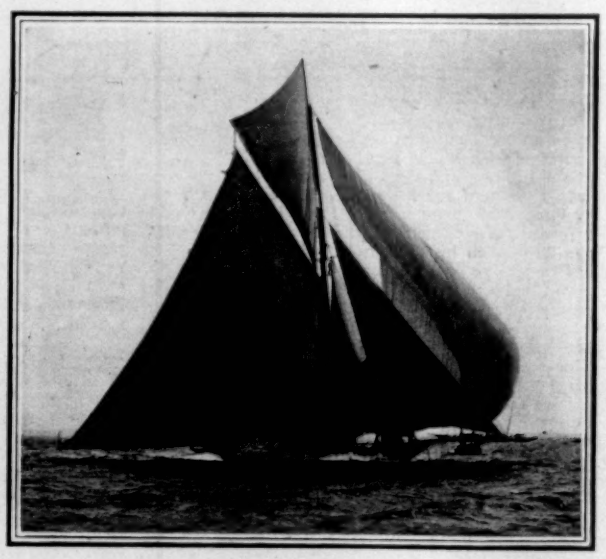
"COLUMBIA" ROUNDING THE SOUTHWEST STAKE-BOAT.



"DEFENDER" OUTJOCKEYS "COLUMBIA" AT THE START.



ONE MINUTE AFTER THE START—"DEFENDER" LEADING.



"DEFENDER" FINISHING WITH SPINNAKER SET.

TO DEFEND "AMERICA'S" CUP—SECOND TRIAL RACE BETWEEN "COLUMBIA" AND "DEFENDER," JULY 8.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

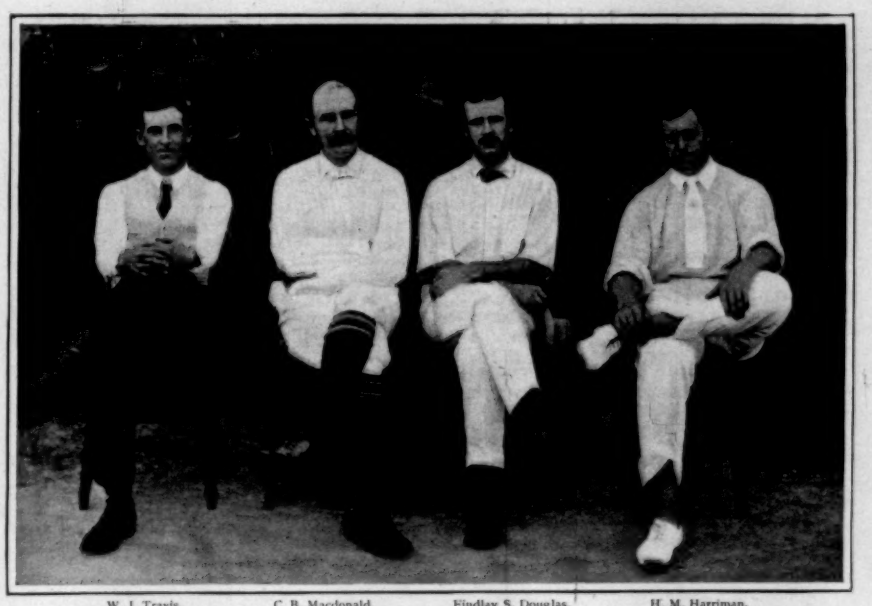
H. Chatfield-Taylor, Pres. Onwentsia Club. W. B. Thomas, Pres. N. G. A. R. B. Kerr, Sec. N. G. A. John Reid.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIALS.

THE "GALLERY" FOLLOWING THE SEMI-FINALS.

Travis.

DOUGLAS DRIVING.



W. J. Travis, Brouze Medallist. C. B. Macdonald, Bronze Medallist. Champion, 1895. Best Preliminary Score, '97 and '99. Findlay S. Douglas. Runner-up, '97 and '99. Champion, 1898. H. M. Harriman, National Champion, 1899

THE SEMI-FINALISTS OF 1899.

HARRIMAN DRIVING.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE AND "GALLERY."

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1899—ON THE LINKS OF THE ONWENTSIA CLUB.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 728.]

THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Holland and Germany desire to secure control of the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg. The United States and England favor the former. An American minister is accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe (a stranger of much the same age and build), is arrested and imprisoned. A beautiful woman visits the supposed von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She gives him a ring as a keepsake. He establishes his identity, and goes to the American Legation, where he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, as First Secretary. He again meets von Elbe, whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia, and tells him of his adventures in prison. Edric in turn tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's desire that he should wed the latter. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric, who is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. He receives orders to resign for a while from the United States service, and reorganize the Luxembourg army. He meets the Countess, and promises to use his influence to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess, who, though loving each other, are drifting apart. The Countess, believing that Edric had come to Luxembourg out of love for the Grand-Duchess, had resolved to visit him in prison, and, impersonating the latter, force him in honor to leave. Learning that the supposed Edric was Hardy, she becomes furiously angry. Hardy meets Athel, Grand-Duke of Luxembourg, at Wilverwiltz. He afterwards sees the Countess talking with Wiepert and Vossburg, two German spies. A pro-German conspiracy in the Luxembourg army is nipped in the bud. Hardy informs the Countess that the ring she gave him had belonged to Edric, who had lost it, and that he had returned it to the latter. He obtains another in its place. She tells him that Edric is conspiring against the Grand-Duke, which he denies. Hardy endeavors to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GAME AFOOT!

Wherein, through a brave man's death, I find it necessary to ride for a brave man's life.

WHEN Raoul Lartigues's green and gold huntsmen sounded the "Tryst" under the forest trees by the first carrefour, the sweet minor music of the swelling horns summoned to the rendezvous two young people who for ten minutes had sat on their horses a little apart from the others.

They walked their horses now slowly towards the carrefour, where eager piqueurs surrounded his Highness, and the grave Grand Veneur, whip in hand, watched the uncoupling of the great amber-eyed boar-hounds.

"I cannot promise," said the Countess Amyce, lowering her voice as we approached the others. "I wish you would give me back my ring."

"Then promise me one moment on the terrace," I whispered.

"Will you give me the ring?"

"Will you promise?"

"Merci! what a man to ask questions! No, I won't promise—now."

"When?"

"Never—perhaps."

"Draw bridle, for Heaven's sake!" I begged. "We are close to them."

She looked at me, frowned slightly, and drew bridle.

"They are casting off," she said. "Hurry; what must I promise you—for my peace of mind?"

"A moment alone with you to-night on the terrace."

"Would the garden do?" she asked, innocently. Then something in my face seemed to intimidate her, and she lowered her dark eyes and sat there silently in her saddle, twisting the bridle with idle fingers.

"Then—I shall wait until to-night," I said, scarcely controlling my voice.

"Wait—for what? All moments resemble each other. Do you fear to say what you wish in daylight?"

"No," I said, with a quick, breathless resolve. "I asked you for a moment alone because I love you—and I wished to tell you so."

I leaned from my saddle a little nearer.

"I love you, Amyce! Will you be my wife?"

The wind blew a silken curling strand of hair across her cheek; under it the color deepened and deepened.

I waited for a movement, a word. I distinguished nothing around me—the forest, the leaping hounds, the huntsmen, vanished. I only saw that dainty figure beside me, in the saddle, the idle hands twisting the bridle, the bent head and lowered lashes.

Suddenly the whole forest rang with "Game afoot!" from the clanging horns; there was a rustle, a crash, a rush of pounding hoofs, and the hounds gave tongue.

The Countess sat straight up in her saddle, tore one gauntlet from her white hand, and held it out to me.

"Wear it!" she whispered, with flaming cheeks; and the next moment her horse bounded forward amid the scurry and crackle of scattering hounds and huntsmen.

Wear it! Confused, dizzy with my great happiness, I drew the little glove through the breast of my hunting-coat, then flung out my bridle and tore after the hounds. I saw nothing; leaves swept my face as I flew on; trees, saplings, thickets, faded like phantoms. I heard nothing save the echo of her voice in my ears, yet the horns were harshly ringing out a "View-halloo!" and the full-chested baying of the hounds struck through musically. It was due to my horse that my brains were not dashed out against the trees; I scarcely touched the bridle at all. Twice I jumped water, and once floundered in a marsh. The country was breakneck and atrocious. I passed Toxé, furious, caged in an abatis of deadfalls; I saw Giroux, unhorsed, chasing his mount piteously, aided by his Excellency, who had apparently had enough.

Osborne, Bettina, and the Duchess came galloping down a marshy *sentier*, close to the ragged tail of the pack; but the Duke and de Ruyter had been thrown out, and I saw them signal to the Duchess to cross diagonally the wooded incline to the right.

For a moment I had a full view of the chase, piqueurs galloping, hounds wheeling into the eastern woods; and I saw Amyce turn her head and look across at me.

The next ten minutes was a pace to kill; one by one the huntsmen dropped out or came to grief. De Ruyter was penned in and finally lost among the swamp-alders; Bettina and Osborne seemed to be lost too, although I couldn't see what prevented them from cutting across where I did. I caught a glimpse of the Duchess pulling up her horse, and the Duke dismounting to examine the animal's fetlock. One after another, I met wandering huntsmen searching for the trail, or listening vainly for the signalling horns that grew fainter and fainter. Still I rode on, trusting to that star that sometimes rises when a man makes it rise, and at last I stumbled into the bulk of the pack, running swiftly and silently, tongues lolling, and thick with dust and froth. After them pounded Latrille, all alone; and when he saw me he set his horn to his mouth and sounded a beautiful "View-halloo!" but I saw nothing of the boar, and answered it with "Game afoot!" blown fairly well for an amateur.

All at once there came an infernal uproar from the hounds, a rush of a heavy body through the underbrush, and Latrille drew bridle, and sounded his horn until the echoes clashed back the stirring call, "At bay!"

And now I saw the boar—a great silvery-gray beast, quick as a panther, red-eyed, covered with froth, and every bristle on end.

His long, sharp, furry muzzle, armed with dazzling curved tusks, worked and wrinkled back as hound after hound ran up, splitting the air with hysterical yelps. Already two young dogs lay dead under his black and gray bulk; he planted his pointed, polished hoofs in the moss, and hurled another hound headlong through the briers.

Latrille dismounted and drew his boar-knife, but I shouted to him to wait until the hounds had some hold. He paid no attention to me; in truth, there was scarcely time, for the boar charged him without hesitation, and the next moment there was a confused whirlwind of dogs, boar, and Latrille, which sent me to the ground in a hurry, boar-knife drawn.

When the boar saw me he turned and charged me, but by that time the pack had a hold that told heavily, and I saw them drag the furious creature down into a hollow, fighting, snarling, and howling.

I ran to Latrille, but he was past all aid. However, I lifted his head and laid him against a tree, and at that moment Toxé galloped up to where I stood.

"Dismount," I said. "The dogs are holding the boar, but if he charges I don't think I can save Latrille."

To my amazement, Toxé turned quite pale, and looked at Latrille with a sickly, fixed grin that made me furious.

"He's dead—isn't he?" stammered Toxé.

"He's dying," I said. "Get off your horse, quick!"

Then the boar shook off the hounds in the gully, and rose, swinging right and left with bloody tusks, and the next moment Toxé wheeled his horse and galloped away in mad flight.

Stunned by his incredible cowardice, I could not even find my voice to bid him stay his shameful flight; and perhaps it was well that I did not, for at the sound of my voice the boar might have charged me again, and what would have become of the dying man, or of me either, is a matter I seldom speculate on.

The boar stood a moment, reeking with foam, covered with leaves and sticks; the hounds howled in a circle, noses pointed heavenward. The boar was a "gray-boar," an old devil incarnate, and perhaps a match for such young dogs, even re-enforced as they were by two of the old couples.

"Take off my coat," gasped Latrille.

I managed to do it, looking over my shoulder to watch the boar. Luckily the dogs kept him busy.

Then, very quietly, Latrille died there in my arms—this smooth-faced, effeminate young man, shallow-minded, dissipated, treacherous maybe; yet he died without a complaint in the midst of terrible sufferings; and I threw his jacket over his face and took off my cap.

The boar had backed down a long narrow gorge, face to the hounds. I would have sounded the call "At bay!" but I felt more like sounding the "Death!" for poor Latrille.

And as I stood there, waiting for somebody to come up, Raoul Lartigues appeared, leading his horse, followed by the Countess Amyce, mounted.

I beckoned Lartigues and warned Amyce back.

"Dead?" whispered the Grand Veneur.

"It is a gray-boar," I said, quietly; "à moi, Monsieur le Grand Veneur."

He nodded, and knelt by the motionless form under the tree. I put on my cap and walked down into the gully, boar-knife glittering in the faint forest light.

It was no triumph; the boar charged clumsily, and the good hounds deserve the credit. But it was new to me, except in theory, and my hand trembled as I wiped the shining blade on the moss, and set the horn to my parched lips and blew the "Death!" As I passed out of the gully I mechanically stopped to pick up some folded papers dropped from poor Latrille's coat when the boar first struck him. Then I walked on to where Amyce sat silently on her horse, face averted from the tree under which Lartigues and two piqueurs stood around Latrille's body.

"It is frightful," she said, in a hushed voice—"I can't realize it! I—I danced with him last night."

"He was a brave man," I said.

More huntsmen arrived, on jaded or limping horses, and the dusty stragglers of the pack followed to heel, jowls all dust and lather, tails adroop.

When his Highness and the Duchess appeared, and I had told what I knew, Amyce turned away to join them, leaving me with the silent huntsmen.

I sat down on a log, and, scarcely conscious of what I was doing, unfolded Latrille's papers—the papers that I had picked up in the path.

The next moment I was on my feet, terribly excited, but striving to maintain outward calm—the first instinct of the Anglo-Saxon.

"Where is Prince Edric?" I asked the Duke.

"He was not invited," said his Highness, dryly.

Amyce looked at me inquiringly. She saw the papers in my hand, and motioned me to her side.

"It is nothing," I said; "but I must ride to Wiltz at once; I must see Edric. Will you believe it is necessity that drives me from you?"

She looked at me so strangely that I tried to smile, assuring her that there was nothing that need alarm anybody in my sudden flight.

But now other people came up, and I could say nothing more, although I felt her eyes following my every movement as I flung myself on my horse and gathered bridle.

"Do not go," she said, in a voice that sounded harsh and strained. But I had only time for a word to her, an excuse to his Highness and the Duchess, then I galloped out into the wood-road and set spurs for a ride that might be a ride for life—the life of a man I held very dear.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SNARE.

How the setting of one trap sprung another.

IN the golden light of the forest, under the clustering boughs where green leaves flickered and shadows moved, death seemed very far away.

As I rode, the forest brook kept pace with me, babbling of deep meadows, and from the arched oaks, high-spanned, leaf-laced against the blue, the little wood-birds sang and sang, and scattered away into flight through sun-shot vistas before the tossing crest of my hard-spurred horse.

But Death was in the forest, and I was Death's messenger, sweeping on through the pleasant golden light, the perfume of fresh winds in my face, the happy song of living things in my ears.

As I rode I thought of the dead, back there somewhere among the bracken, white face skyward, dead eyes reflecting the passing clouds that they could not see. It was a brave, foolish death—a young man's death—a death among the sweet wild ferns under a summer sky.

Straight through the sun-rays, barring the path with floating gilded dust, I plunged, and entered the Wiltz road at a sharp gallop.

What should I say to Prince Edric? In my clinched hand I clutched papers that called on him to lead the army and seize the power—the power of a government which had received him and sheltered him when his own country and his own Emperor denied him the freedom and liberty of its poorest peasant. These were the dead man's papers, this the bitter heritage of a reckless and gallant death—treason! But that no longer concerned the dead—already, perhaps, before the Great Court-Martial—it concerned the living and all that was worth living for—honor.

Now, sweeping steadily onward, leaving a whirling pillar of red dust behind, I could distinguish the Wiltz Lodge through the thickets to the left. The place appeared to be deserted; the piazza was empty, the wooden window-shutters closed and barred outside.

Hoping against hope that Edric might not be away in the forest on some scientific excursion, I wheeled my tired horse heavily up to the gate and jumped to the gravel walk.

"Ohé! Nicola!" I shouted; but the blond servant did not respond, and I tied the reeking horse to the ring in the gate-post and walked swiftly to the piazza.

Twice I rang at the bronze bell; the second time, listening close to the door, I fancied I heard somebody move a chair in the breakfast-room.

"Nicola!" I called, pounding on the door; "wake up, idiot!" But, to my surprise, the door gave way under my push and swung noiselessly inward, and at the same moment I received a terrific blow between the eyes.

The next thing I knew I was stumbling, flung forward among a crowd of figures that pushed up close around me in the darkened hallway, then hurled me headlong through a doorway into a dark room. The door behind me slammed; somebody locked it from the outside; then all grew still.

There was a man holding a candle in the darkened room with me, but I was too dizzy from the effects of the blow to see him clearly.

I recognized his voice first; then, when the mist cleared from my eyes, I saw the man was Prince Edric, standing there in his shirt sleeves, the light of a candle playing over his face.

"What the devil's the matter?" he asked.

I stood up, shook myself, and stared blankly at the bolted door and locked shutters. As I turned around on him, mutely, he set the candle on a table with a gesture of caution and pointed towards the door.

"At eight o'clock this morning your Duke's soldiers came here, arrested me while I was dressing, and locked me in here," he said, grimly. "Do you know why?"

"Arrested you!" I repeated, mechanically.

He shrugged his shoulders and sat down beside the table.

"I've been here all day, and I'm getting tired. How did you come here?"

I tried to collect my thoughts, but what with the unexpectedness of the assault on me and the astounding news of Prince Edric's arrest, I found nothing coherent to tell him.

"You don't mean to tell me you are a prisoner too?" he laughed, incredulously.

"Well, I didn't enter this room like a free agent, did I?" I asked, much annoyed.

"Hush!" he motioned; "there are two dozen soldiers in the house; they're probably listening at the door.

They've been quiet as mice all day. I heard your horse's hoofs outside; I heard you shout for Nicola, and I thought to myself: 'Here's Hardy. Now I'll know what all this row is about.'"

"Do you mean to say you were arrested by the Duke's orders?" I asked, in amazement.

"I saw no warrant; the soldiers said it was ordered; they were twenty or more to one. I went with them quietly, and here I've been all day!"

"Edric," I said, under my breath, "I don't believe the Duke had you arrested."

He raised his eyebrows, but said nothing.

"Did you recognize any of the soldiers," I went on, anxiously, "or any officers?"

"No—that is, there was an officer with them—a pock-pitted colonel—what's his name?"

"Toxé?" I cried.

"Hush! Yes; but he was not in uniform—he was dressed for a boar-hunt. I heard the 'Tryst' sounded half an hour later, out there in the woods somewhere."

I looked desperately around; I went over and touched the locked door, the closed shutters of solid oak bound with steel.

"No use," smiled Edric; "I've tried all that. Have you any theory about this affair, Hardy?"

"Oh yes, I have a theory," I replied in despair, and I flung the papers, which I had found in the forest, on the table before him.

He looked up at me questioningly, then unfolded the traitorous memoranda, and read coolly to the end.

"Faugh!" he cried, with a scowl of disgust. "Is Athel of Luxembourg fool enough to believe such nonsense?" As he spoke he glanced up again, meeting my eyes disdainfully; then, starting to his feet, he stared at me, while an ugly, sullen flush mounted to his temples. And now his face grew fierce in its tense lines; his lips shrank back, his eyes glittered, and I caught a sparkle of white teeth under his short mustache.

"By God!" he said, in a voice scarcely human; "if you—or anybody—believes this shameful lie—"

I could have laughed from sheer joy; for although I had never for a moment credited what seemed to be absolute proofs of Edric's treachery, I had felt the need of confronting him with them without a second's needless delay. That was why I had galloped, *ventre à terre*, to Wiltz Lodge—galloped into an ambuscade which I could never have foreseen had I ten times the diplomatic ability that I ought to possess. Edric had watched my face and read every thought; and now he sat down again at his little table, head bent, staring at the paper in his nervous hands.

The situation was certainly desperate enough. The Luxembourg army was apparently on the eve of revolt, determined to overthrow the Duke and acclaim Prince Edric of Prussia King of Luxembourg.

"Athel can't believe I knew of this," he said, piteously—"he can't believe it, can he, Hardy? If I were ignoble enough to accept the shelter of a country and then plot to steal it, I at least would have the courage to place myself at the head of the revolt! Any fool would know that, wouldn't he, Hardy?"

He started up and paced the floor. Grief, shame, horror, changed his face so that I should scarcely have known him. He appeared much older; those white haggard circles under each eye showed what the shock had been.

I started again on a quiet tour of the room, gently testing bolts and locks, until I saw that the idea of escape or of getting any news to his Highness was, as far as we were concerned, probably out of the question.

"If we could persuade them to unbar that door for a second," whispered Edric.

I nodded and drew my long boar-knife; he wrenched a chair to pieces and twisted off the legs, making as little noise as possible. I fancy the soldiers must have heard the splintering, for they neither responded to our knocking nor did they even answer us, although I could hear them moving on the other side of the door.

I went to one of the locked shutters and worked at it with my boar-knife. It was slow progress, and at that rate I could not have pierced the smallest hole in the oak before night. I knew it, but worked feverishly.

"Where is the Duke?" asked Edric, behind me.

"Hunting; the others are with him, too," I replied, slashing away at the shutter. While I worked with the long knife I told Edric all that had occurred since the horns sounded the "Tryst" under the green leaves in the carrefour on this fatal September morning.

At last, hopeless, I stepped back, opening and closing my cramped, blistered hands, convinced that it was time wasted to seek for escape in that direction.

"You are right," muttered Edric; "we must try something quicker."

"If we can't get to the Duke before he returns to Wilverwiltz, the game is up," I said, bitterly. "What the devil are we to do?"

Had there been a heavy bit of furniture in the room we might have battered the shutters outward. There was nothing, save a flimsy table. Edric picked it up, and drove it with all the strength of his arms and body against the shutters; they rang out soundly and solidly; the table crashed to kindling-wood, and shattered every pane in the doorlike windows.

We were standing there, backs to the door, regarding our work with troubled hearts, when, behind us, the door opened, then slammed again with the click of keys turning. The wind from the opening and closing door extinguished the candle.

"There's somebody in the room," whispered Edric; "be ready; I have a match."

His match cracked and blazed. I saw two dark figures leaning back against the closed door, as Edric, face and hands reflecting the red flame of the match, crossed the room and relighted the candle.

It was the Countess Amyce who stood before us. Toxé leaned against the bolted door.

Instantly the Countess turned on Edric, her dark eyes sparkling in the candle-glow, her scarlet hunting-habit looped to the girdle, from which hung a jewelled boar-knife.

"You traitor?" she gasped.

I stepped forward, aghast, but she faced me, motioning me back. The white scorn of her brow left me speechless.

"It was I who ordered your arrest!" she said, breathlessly, crossing the room to where Prince Edric stood with both hands on the back of his chair.

There was a moment of painful silence, broken by a sharp echoing blow from her riding-crop on the desk where the traitorous memoranda lay. And:

"*That* is the reason!" she cried, striking the papers again and again with the horn-handled crop.

"You believe me guilty, madame?" stammered the Prince, utterly taken aback.

"Guilty! Your own spies have betrayed you. Shame! I had those very papers from your creature Vossburg! God help you, Prince Edric!"

The Prince turned to me with a ghastly smile and would have spoken, but Amyce, her black eyes flashing, stepped between us, and with a swift movement tore the little glove from where it hung between the buttons on my hunting-coat. I turned cold from head to foot.

"Are you mad?" I said, hoarsely; my lips scarcely formed the words.

"Oh," she cried, "this dishonor adds nothing to your degradation! A man who betrays his sovereign can look unmoved on the woman who believed in him!"

I tried to speak; I could not. Her words stabbed like a blade—to the heart.

"You left me to gallop to your fellow-conspirator here, with news that Major Latrille had been killed, because you had found on that brave man's body the proofs that others knew of your treachery!"

"Latrille was a traitor!" I cried. "Good God! can't you understand that you have been duped?"

"Shame!" she said, steadily. "I myself gave him those papers, after they had been sold to me by your vile spies. I myself ordered Prince Edric's arrest!"

She lifted the hem of her skirt and stepped back daintily, her scornful eyes on me.

"I saw you take the papers and ride away. I could not believe you would do it—I could not make myself believe you would come here to warn that—that traitor!"

Edric came silently to my side.

"Poor little fool!" he muttered. "She has done a sorry day's work, and the worst will come when she finds it out."

The worst was coming now. There sounded the rush of heavy feet along the road outside, the noise of many voices, the clank of bayonets, a savage cheer: "Death to the Duke!"

The Countess, incredulous, horrified, sprang from her chair and looked at Toxé. He returned her startled glance unmoved.

"What—what does that mean?" she stammered.

"It means, madame, that you are my prisoner!" sneered Toxé, flinging open the door behind him. The hallway was choked with soldiers.

The little Countess of Wilverwiltz passed her gloved hand over her eyes, then turned white as death and swayed backward. There was a chair beside me. I placed it close to her, and she sank into it, covering her head with both arms.

"The revolt is accomplished, your Highness," said Toxé, bowing where he stood, cap in hand. "The Luxembourg regiment has gone to the château, where the Duke and Duchess will be held at your Highness's pleasure."

Dumb with astonishment, I saw Edric, serene, impassive, return Toxé's salute and step forward.

"Your next step, Colonel Toxé, will be to send a messenger to the German army across the frontier, will it not?" he asked, smiling.

"Exactly, your Highness," said Toxé, with his evil leer; "anarchy in Luxembourg requires German intervention—perhaps German bayonets."

There was a sudden scuffle in the hallway among the soldiers. Toxé looked around, scowling.

"It's old de Ruyter," he sneered; "they want to shoot him in the garden."

"Shoot de Ruyter!" laughed Edric; "not a bit of it. Bring him here, Colonel Toxé, and let me try my persuasion."

The ignoble scene that followed left me without a shred of faith in any human being; for no sooner had de Ruyter been shoved into the room than Edric passed his arm through the arm of the old soldier and led him away to the embrasure of a window. There they staid so long that the mutinous soldiers began to grow impatient, and cries of "Down with de Ruyter! Death to him!" brought Edric back in a towering rage.

"Colonel Toxé," he said, icily, "your discipline is shameful! The next man who raises a seditious cry will be shot on the spot."

Toxé wheeled in his tracks and bellowed threats at the troops behind him, which certainly had the designed effect. They were painfully silent, until Edric, leading de Ruyter back from the window, said, in a perfectly distinct voice:

"Colonel de Ruyter is with me. I take him as my aide-de-camp!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the soldiers, surging forward and swinging their caps; but Toxé flung his huge bulk against them, menacing them with his sabre, until they fell back into the hallway again.

"Is there a horse ready?" asked Edric, in calm, even tones.

"Twenty," replied Toxé. "Is Colonel de Ruyter to ride to the German army?"

"Do you often ask questions of your superiors?" inquired Edric, coldly.

Toxé saluted, stammering excuses; then in a brutal voice he vented his wrath on his men, ordering them to clear the passage and bring a horse for Colonel de Ruyter. As that gray-haired old officer passed us, with bent head and face averted, I turned my back, unable to look upon such dishonor.

Never once did Edric glance at me during the whole miserable scene. The young Countess, head buried in her arms, sat by the desk, where the candle flame drifted and flared in every gust of wind. I pitied her.

"What is your Highness's pleasure concerning the prisoner Hardy?" sneered Toxé.

At the word "prisoner" the Countess looked up, just in time to see two soldiers place themselves on either side of me, bayonets fixed. In a moment she was at my side, her eyes bright with tears; and she took both my hands in hers, looking earnestly up into my face.

"No scenes—do you hear?" shouted Toxé.

"Silence!" cried Prince Edric, sternly.

"But those two prisoners," said Toxé, with a jerk of his thumb, "are dangerous to the welfare of Luxembourg, your Highness. I've arranged to send them to Belgium."

"I don't think they are dangerous," smiled Edric, looking at me; "set them at liberty."

Toxé hesitated, scowling; but the Prince said "Well?" so sharply that he touched his shako and motioned to his soldiers.

Leading Amyce, I moved slowly towards the door, then looked back at Edric. He stood, arms folded, head erect, and met my gaze with cold, inscrutable eyes.

If I had had my revolver, I would have killed him where he stood.

The soldiers parted sullenly as we passed through the hallway into the free air outside, where a flaming sunset lay straight before us over the million leaves of the forest. Toxé followed, his evil eyes roaming restlessly about.

"Wait!" he cried, as I led Amyce through the gate. "I'll risk sending you across the frontier on my own responsibility. Come back—do you hear?"

Before I could protest he shouted an order, and, to my disgust, old Vossburg and Wiepert, armed with drawn revolvers, stepped from the bushes across the road and advanced, smirking and leering.

"March!" said Toxé, briefly.

"Do you intend to drive a woman across the frontier to-night?" I asked, steadying my voice with an effort.

"I do," grinned Toxé. "Come! pack!"

My hand flew to my boar-knife—and touched an empty leather scabbard. Vossburg had slipped the weapon from its sheath on my hip, and now he tossed it on the grass, leering and mouthing, and laughing his crazy falsetto laugh.

Amyce laid her hand on my arm; she trembled a little, but said, quietly, "Come—it is best."

We walked for a long time in perfect silence, save for the cracked treble laughter of old Vossburg and the wheezing of Wiepert. After a while, however, they began to taunt us, sneering at the deception they had practised on the Countess, even at times menacing me with a short shrift.

"It's ten miles to the frontier," observed Wiepert. "I've a mind to settle your affair here, you pig of a Yankee!"

"Te-he! he!" yelped old Vossburg. "Nobody would know—nobody would know! We could put you in the swamp—deep! deep!—nobody would know!"

If they had not kept just out of reach I should have made an attempt, hopeless as it was; but they worked together like two ferrets, and their weapons were swinging in their hands as they walked.

Twice we left the forest path to take short-cuts through the underbrush, and Amyce's gown was torn with briers, and her little gloves ripped from brushing the bending thorn branches.

The dim light in the forest, now that the sun had nearly set, evidently bothered old Vossburg. He peered about with his weak red-rimmed eyes, feeling his way, uncanny fingers spread like puffy claws. Finally Wiepert came around to whisper to him, and they both halted, looking at me. In a flash I understood that the same thought which was occupying me had also entered their heads, namely, that with the increasing twilight I would have a chance for resistance. From the villanous leer on Vossburg's countenance I also felt that they meant murder, and my thoughts began to run very quickly—so quickly that before I realized what I was doing I had leaped on Wiepert and sent him crashing into the undergrowth. There came two sharp explosions, a cry, as I struck Wiepert over the temple; then we fell, writhing and twisting under the bushes, while old Vossburg, squealing with eagerness, ran around us, trying to shoot down into me. I held Wiepert as a shield, staggered to my knees, and flinging him headlong from me, jumped behind a tree. Vossburg shot twice.

For a second I stood there breathless; then Amyce screamed, and I saw Vossburg on one side, Wiepert on the other, creep forward, circling around the tree so I should be caught between them.

There was only one thing to do, and as I sprang out into the twilight Vossburg shot at me, then stepped back and shot again. I could have closed with him at the next step had not something else closed *on* him—for, with a whirr and a snap, a hideous hidden thing caught him in steel fangs and sent him head-first into the undergrowth. He squeaked piteously and writhed. Had it not been for Amyce, Wiepert would have blown my brains out. But Amyce flung herself between us, though the brute fired at me nevertheless, until I got him and jerked his revolver out of his hand and shot him to death among the briers at my feet.

Amyce held her fingers out helplessly, looking at me with astonished eyes.

"It burns," she said, as I tore up her sleeve and stanched the flow where a single bullet, brushing the white skin, had left its stain just above the wrist. There was nothing of fright, nothing of dismay, in her wide dark eyes, only a childlike surprise, as I whipped my handkerchief tightly around the wound, leaning closer to her in the gathering forest gloom.

As I stood there I heard a rustle, a twitching among the leaves, a faint squeal. It was Vossburg dying. He had been seized by one wolf-trap and flung face downward into another. There was no way to unlock the trap. Even a wolf could not have lived longer than he did.

"Hark!" she whispered. "Do you hear?"

"It is a snake in the brush," I said, tying the knot.

I stepped over to the thicket and glanced down where, in the shadows, the steel fangs of the trap glimmered.

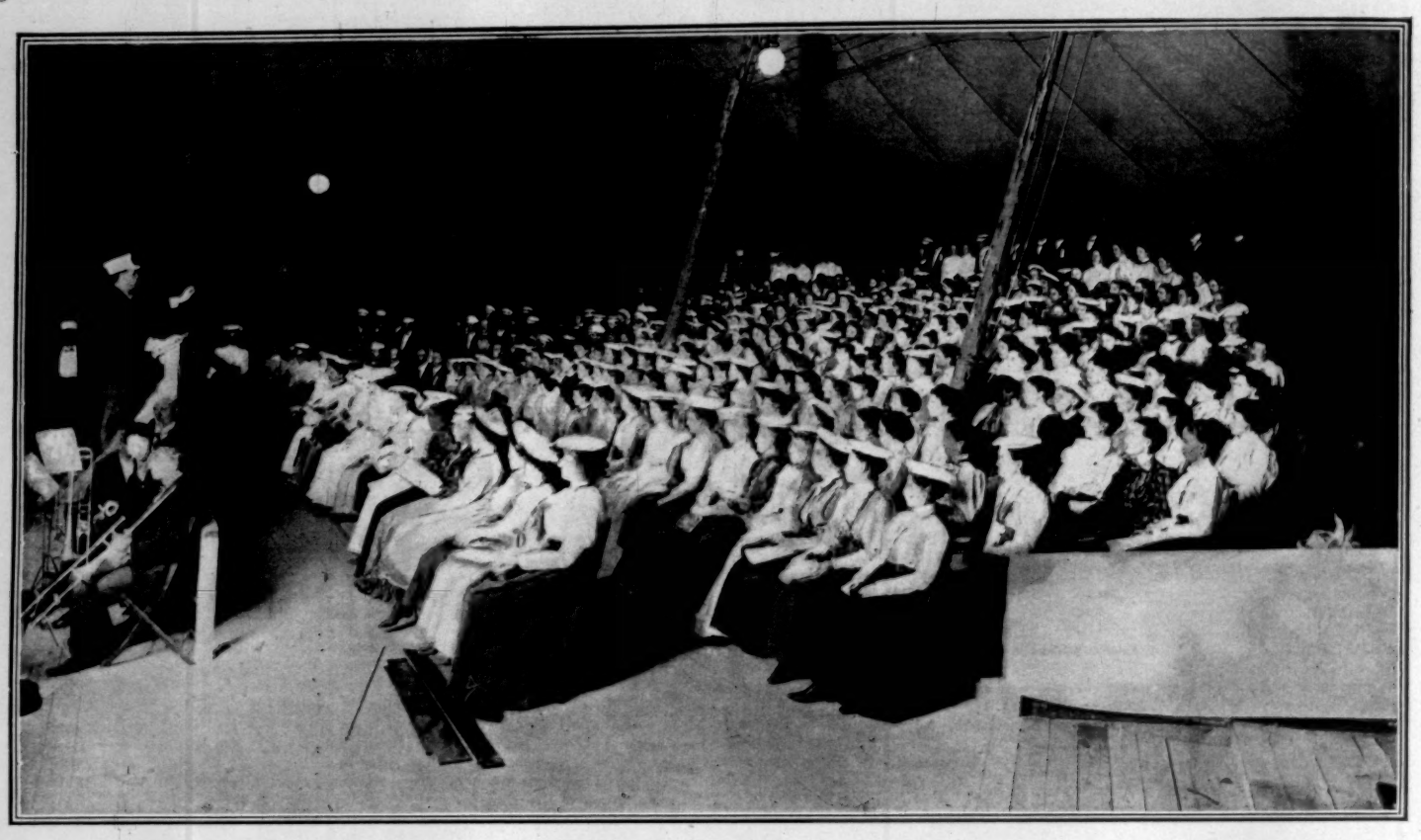
[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Chinese Proverbs

THINK of your own sins early in the night,
When you're awake, and they are full in sight;
The sins of others need not make you weep—
Think not of them till you are fast asleep.

The road to Heaven is hidden not a bit—
And yet how many do not follow it!

JOEL BENTON.

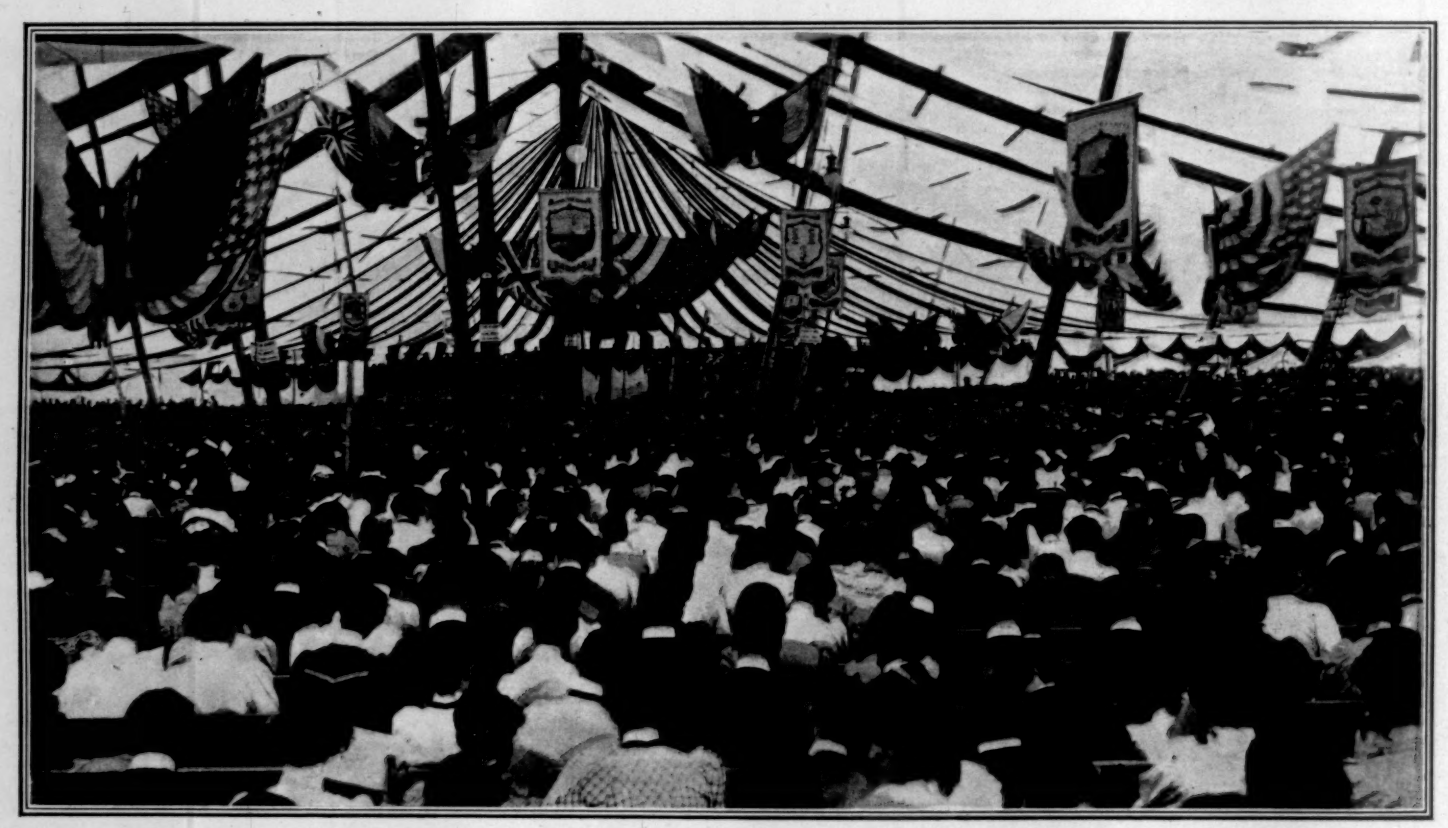


CHORUS IN TENT ENDEAVOR—SIX HUNDRED VOICES.

REFRESHMENT BOOTH.

A TOUR OF EXPLORATION.

PIE AND PIETY.



INTERIOR OF TENT ENDEAVOR—EXERCISES IN PROGRESS.

THE ANNUAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION, HELD AT DETROIT JULY 5–10.

[See Page 713.]

Miss Blossom.

Pure Ivory, (so painters knew,)
Brought out the beauties, when they drew
The fine-arched brow and dainty dress
That marked the style of loveliness
Which seems so quaint to me and you.

Now, altered fashions quite eschew
The empire waist and high-heeled shoe;
Yet modern beauties need, no less,
Pure Ivory.

So May, whose skin is like the hue
Of Orchard sprays when spring steals through—
Her hand, and hair, and summer dress
So soft their touch seems a caress—
Finds Ivory her dependence, too—
Pure Ivory Soap.

IT FLOATS

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Any person wishing a copy of this picture may mail to us
10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing)
on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

AMATEUR SPORT

THE Oxford-Cambridge-Harvard-Yale track games next Saturday (22d) at Queens Club grounds (London) will be the third occasion on which English and American university athletic teams have met. In '94 Yale met Oxford in London, and was beaten—5¼ firsts and 5 seconds to 3½ firsts and 4 seconds; in '95 Cambridge met Yale in New York, and was defeated—8 firsts and 7 seconds to 3 firsts and 4 seconds. The average individual ability is higher this year than hitherto, and the teams are more evenly matched.

With regard to the Harvard-Yale team, I wish to lay emphasis on two facts: First, that every member of the combined team is an amateur both in spirit and in the letter of the English as well as of the American athletic law.

Second, that the Harvard-Yale team has not gone to England as champion American athletes, but simply in response to a joint invitation from Oxford and Cambridge.

A team of American university champions would include five Pennsylvanians, and win every event on the English championship programme save, perhaps, the one and three mile races.

THE diligence with which some English papers, notably the *Field* and the *Globe*, seek the mote in the American athletic eye, and the stupid confounding of university with club athletics, could be tolerated in patience, perhaps, were the search and the confusion not accompanied by innuendo and open criticism unmerited and insulting. There have been in the past motes undeniable and troublous in the American eye, but the fact that they were lacking both the dimensions and the virulence of the beam in the English athletic-club eye did not protect us from malevolent newspaper attack at the time; nor does the long-ago removal of the American mote spare us even now from rancorous comment. The Englishman seems unable to adjust himself to changing conditions—that is why he is losing trade in the Far East, and why the heavy-witted department editors of the *Globe* and *Field* to-day slang American athletics for ills cured years ago.

APROPOS of the mild discussion created by the inclusion of Burke and Quinlan on the Harvard-Yale team, there is literally nothing in the letter or in the spirit of the present amateur athletic law in England or in America that forbids college athletes from representing athletic clubs or joining club training-tables in preparation for club or sectional or championship meets.

In America a growing feeling is against it, and in fact has found expression in the Middle West, but Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Oxford, and Cambridge exact nothing of their undergraduate athletes in this respect.

Therefore the absurdity of questioning the eligibility of Burke and Quinlan because they had sat at a club training-table, and represented an athletic club, when the Englishmen have been and are doing the selfsame thing! It was thoroughly English to condemn Burke and Quinlan for what Thomas and Parkes of the present team have done, not to mention those famous old blues whom we met in '95—Jordan, Fitzherbert, Lutyens, and Horan—all of whom represented the London Athletic Club, and sat at its training-table.

IT is an irreparable sin in English eyes for an American athlete to attend his own athletic-club training-table for a couple of weeks, but the Englishman may be brought across the Atlantic, boarded and lodged for six weeks, transported by rail over the country, and continuously entertained, all at the expense of Americans—and his amateur status remain unquestioned!

When Yale went to London to meet Oxford, Yale men footed the bill; Harvard and Yale men are paying by subscription the expense of the present trip. When English cricket elevens come to Philadelphia, Philadelphians meet the deficit; when the Cambridge University track team came to New York a few years ago to meet Yale, Yale men made good the cost.

The American always pays his own way in full wherever he goes—and honor to him for it. The Englishman in his athletic relations with America—has never yet done so.

All this is not to endorse the English and American policy of permitting undergraduates to eat at athletic club training-tables; on the contrary, I am irreconcilably opposed to college men representing athletic clubs at all during their undergraduate life; but I am aweary of this periodical English abasement of American athletic methods and parade of English virtue, when, in point of fact, things are permitted in England that would not be tolerated in America. And nowhere in the civilized world has wholesome honestly amateur sport such zealous champions or universities, such careful supervision of undergraduate sport—as in the United States.

AMERICAN runners, as a rule, have not been able to equal their home performances in England, and for that reason the chances of winning next Saturday distinctly favor the Oxford-Cambridge combination. On paper the Harvard-Yale team appears to have the better of it, but in reality, if it wins, it will be by displaying a consistency of form never before revealed on English soil by Americans.

It should be remembered that the records credited to the Americans in the above table of comparisons were made in mid-season and under most favoring conditions, while those of the Englishmen, barring Thomas, were made in the early season, when conditions are infrequently of the best.

In a word, the Englishmen may be expected to fully equal, if not better, the majority of their performances, while it will be a miracle if the American runners equal their records. That means we will certainly lose the 100 yards, the one and three miles, possibly the quarter, possibly the hurdles, and will save the half only by the narrowest margin. The result of the meeting hangs on the quarter and the hurdles. If we lose either of them we lose the meeting.

OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE may be said to be practically sure of four of the nine events—the 100 yards, one and three miles, and the broad jump; Harvard and Yale are even more certain of two events—hammer and high jump, and reasonably certain of one other—the half-mile.

Of the two events, quarter and hurdles, on which hangs all American hope of success, it must be confessed the advantage is somewhat with the Englishmen in the quarter, and greatly with them in the hurdles. Hollins is a young runner, but a very strong and improving one, and though 50⅘ sec. is his best time, it was made in March, and he is believed equal to 50 sec. Davison, although second string, has done faster public work than Hollins, being beaten a yard in 50 sec. at the English championships. Both Boardman and Fisher have made faster time than this on American tracks, and Burke (who will most likely be reserved for the half) has a record of 48⅘ sec.; but we must reckon on the strange conditions as a two-fifths of a second handicap at least. Perhaps one of the Englishmen may beat out Fisher for second place, but I rather fancy Boardman strong enough to sustain the climatic handicap, and speedy enough to land the quarter to America's credit.

ONE cannot be so confident of the hurdles, upon the decision of which

OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD-YALE TRACK MEET. STARTERS AND THEIR RECORDS.

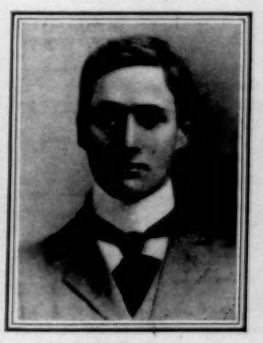
	Oxford.	Cambridge.	Harvard.	Yale.
100-yard dash	C. R. Thomas, .10.	A. E. Hind, .10 2-5.	F. J. Quinlan, .10 1-5.	F. A. Blount, .10 1-5.
440-yard run	A. M. Hollins, .50 2-5.	C. G. Davison, .50 2-5.		D. Boardman, .49 2-5.
880-yard run	C. F. W. Struben, 2.01.	H. E. Graham, 1.58 3-5.	T. E. Burke, 1.58.	T. R. Fisher, Jr., .50.
One-mile run	L. Dawson, 4.25 4-5.	M. Hunter, 4.22 4-5.		J. P. Adams, 1.57 4-5.
Three-mile run	J. M. Fremantle, 15.10.	H. W. Workman, 15.24 1-5.		H. P. Smith, 4.31.
120-yard hurdles	H. R. Parkes, .16.	W. G. Paget-Tomlinson, .16.	H. P. Clarke, 15.30.	C. B. Spitzer, 4.30.
Running high jump	H. S. Adair, 5 ft. 9 1-2.		H. W. Foote, 15.30.	C. K. Palmer.
Running broad jump	R. V. G. Brooke, 5 ft. 8 1-2.	G. C. Vassall, 23 ft. 3.	F. L. Fox, .15 4-5.	W. M. Fincke, .16 1-5.
16-lb. hammer	J. G. Greenshields, 110 ft.	L. O. T. Baines, 116 ft.	A. N. Rise, 6 ft. 1.	
			C. M. Kotch, 6 ft. 1 3-4.	
			C. D. Daly, 22 ft. 4 1-2.	
			J. T. Harrington, 20 ft. 10 1-4.	
			W. A. Boal, 138 ft.	
			H. J. Brown, 127 ft.	

G. C. VASSALL.
Broad Jump, 23 ft. 3 in.

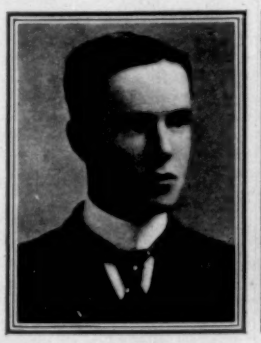
C. R. THOMAS.
100 Yards, 10 sec.

C. G. DAVISON,
Cambridge.
440 Yards, 50 2-5 sec.

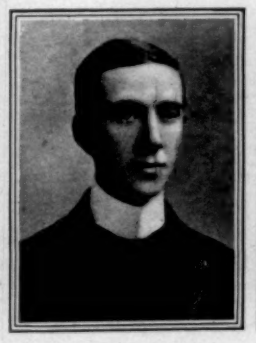
W. G. PAGET-TOMLINSON,
Cambridge.
120-yard Hurdles, 16 sec. (on grass).



H. W. WORKMAN,
Cambridge.
3 Miles, 15 min. 24 1-5 sec.



L. DAWSON (OXFORD).
1 Mile, 4 min. 25 4-5 sec.



H. S. ADAIR (OXFORD).
High Jump, 5 ft. 9 1-2 in.

M. H. HUNTER (CAMBRIDGE).
1 Mile, 4 min. 22 4-5 sec.

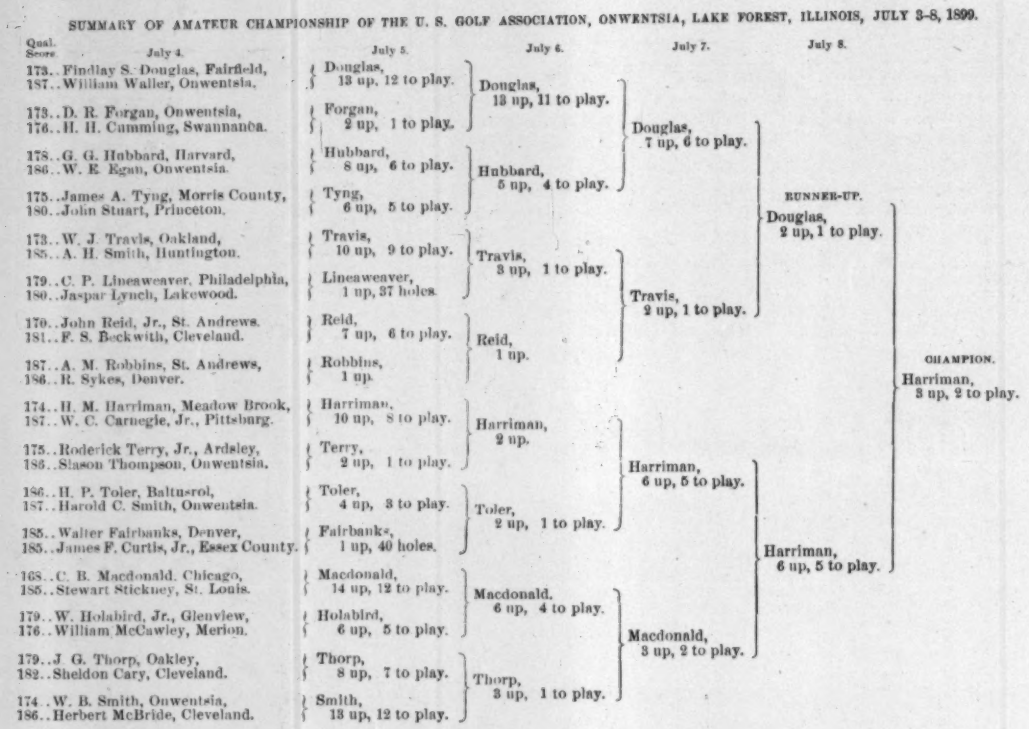
H. E. GRAHAM (CAMBRIDGE).
880 Yards, 1 min. 58 3-5 sec.

H. R. PARKES (OXFORD),
Amateur Champion of England.
120-yard Hurdles, 16 sec. (on grass).

A. M. HOLLINS (OXFORD).
440 Yards, 50 2-5 sec.

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD-YALE ATHLETIC MEETING (LONDON, JULY 22)—THE ENGLISH FIRST STRING.

SUMMARY OF AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE U. S. GOLF ASSOCIATION, ONWENTSIA, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, JULY 3-8, 1899.


Qual. Score
July 4.
July 5.
July 6.
July 7.
July 8.
173..Findlay S. Douglas, Fairfield,
187..William Waller, Onwentsia.
Douglas, 13 up, 12 to play.
Douglas, 13 up, 11 to play.
178..D. R. Forgan, Onwentsia,
176..H. H. Cumming, Swannanoa.
Forgan, 2 up, 1 to play.
178..G. G. Hubbard, Harvard,
186..W. E. Egan, Onwentsia.
Hubbard, 8 up, 6 to play.
Hubbard, 5 up, 4 to play.
Douglas, 7 up, 6 to play.
175..James A. Tyng, Morris County,
180..John Stuart, Princeton.
Tyng, 6 up, 5 to play.
RUNNER-UP.
Douglas, 2 up, 1 to play.
173..W. J. Travis, Oakland,
185..A. H. Smith, Huntington.
Travis, 10 up, 9 to play.
Travis, 3 up, 1 to play.
179..C. P. Lineaweaver, Philadelphia,
180..Jaspar Lynch, Lakewood.
Lineaweaver, 1 up, 37 holes.
Travis, 2 up, 1 to play.
170..John Reid, Jr., St. Andrews.
181..F. S. Beckwith, Cleveland.
Reid, 7 up, 6 to play.
Reid, 1 up.
187..A. M. Robbins, St. Andrews,
186..R. Sykes, Denver.
Robbins, 1 up.
CHAMPION.
Harriman, 3 up, 2 to play.
174..H. M. Harriman, Meadow Brook,
187..W. C. Carnegie, Jr., Pittsburg.
Harriman, 10 up, 8 to play.
Harriman, 2 up.
175..Roderick Terry, Jr., Ardsley,
186..Slason Thompson, Onwentsia.
Terry, 2 up, 1 to play.
Harriman, 6 up, 5 to play.
186..H. P. Toler, Baltusrol,
187..Harold C. Smith, Onwentsia.
Toler, 4 up, 3 to play.
Toler, 2 up, 1 to play.
185..Walter Fairbanks, Denver,
185..James F. Curtis, Jr., Essex County.
Fairbanks, 1 up, 40 holes.
Harriman, 6 up, 5 to play.
168..C. B. Macdonald, Chicago,
185..Stewart Stickney, St. Louis.
Macdonald, 14 up, 12 to play.
Macdonald, 6 up, 4 to play.
179..W. Holabird, Jr., Glenview,
176..William McCawley, Merion.
Holabird, 6 up, 5 to play.
Macdonald, 3 up, 2 to play.
179..J. G. Thorp, Oakley,
182..Sheldon Cary, Cleveland.
Thorp, 8 up, 7 to play.
Thorp, 3 up, 1 to play.
174..W. B. Smith, Onwentsia,
186..Herbert McBride, Cleveland.
Smith, 13 up, 12 to play.

the winning of the day really rests. Americans may only hope. Paget-Tomlinson is one of the best-known athletes in England, and a very steady, consistent performer. He has several times done 16 sec., which is the English record. Parkes is the English amateur champion, with also a 16-sec. record, although Paget-Tomlinson has beaten him. Both are really high-class hurdlers, Parkes being quicker on the flat, while the other is steadier and cleverer over the timber. Hurdles are fixed on turf in England, and these times are therefore as excellent as the 15¼ sec. of Fox, made on cinders. Out of respect to American wishes, the hurdles will not be fixed next Saturday, but the race will be on turf, and it must be acknowledged that chances for English success seem the better. Fox, however, is a strong finisher who does not get rattled or fall, and if the climate has not affected him too much, I feel he will win out in a hard, driving finish.

GRAHAM, the Cambridge half-miler, is one of the very best men on the English team, who has done, at any time he has run in the last year, from 1 min. 58⅘ sec. to 1 min. 59⅗ sec. He is a strong finisher, and is believed good for 1 min. 57 sec., or even a shade better; nevertheless, I believe we may safely count on Burke winning this event. Adams has made better time than the Englishman, but has shown such lack of head-work that there is no saying where he will finish. He really should do 1 min. 55 sec., and has more natural speed than even Burke, but it is counterbalanced by poor judgment. Burke has done 1 min. 55¼ sec. in practice, and if the conditions ever favor him, he will do it in public.

Vassall is another English star who has been showing consistent form since '96; he is always good for 23 feet, English measurement; and the English system of measurement, as compared with the American, favors the jumper from two to six inches. This difference will not give us first, but it may give Daly second place.

The one and three miles will fall as handily to the Englishmen as the high jump and hammer will to us.

Handicapped as they will be by strange conditions, the Harvard-Yale athletes yet have a fighting chance for victory, and we rely on the American spirit, which, on other occasions, has won out in an uneven contest.

The team sailed July 5, and is under the management of a committee composed of E. J. Wendell (Harvard), chairman, H. S. Brooks, Jr., and C. H. Sherrill (Yale). Wisdom was shown in timing the departure of the athletes so they would have only ten days in England before the meeting, and therefore not time to go stale under the influence of the new heavy climate, as happened to Yale in '94.

"COLUMBIA" may not yet have equalled the exalted expectations of those who glibly talk of a ten to fifteen minute increase of speed over the sloop which beat *Valkyrie III.* in '95, but she has revealed enough of her capabilities to prove herself a better boat than *Defender* on the wind, in smooth water, or in a sea with a slight jump to it. Otherwise the two trial races have not disclosed much superiority in the new cup-defender over the old one.

But it must be confessed that a yacht which, though handled with less skill, can yet persistently work to the windward of one that points so high and is handled with such consummate skill as *Defender*, is nothing short of a marvel. The real feature of the trial races thus far has been the exceedingly clever handling of *Defender*—whose manager is Butler Duncan, and skipper, Captain Rhoades. On the manœuvring at the start, in the jockeying for the windward berth, in turning the marks, in setting sails—*Defender* has beaten *Columbia*, managed by C. Oliver Iselin and sailed by Captain Barr, hands down, every time.

There appears no perceptible difference between the two boats in stays, but *Columbia* is much the tenderer—lying over to breezes to which *Defender* makes scarcely a response. The older boat, in fact, stands up like a church in air that heels the younger well over; moreover, her canvas fits much better.

FROM what we have seen it is doubtful if *Columbia* can beat *Defender* on any point of sailing in a heavy wind and sea, and at best, up to date, the new boat, minus the allowance she must give *Defender*, has not proved to be more than two minutes faster in thirty miles. The tuning-up process of the next month or two—retrimming of the head-sails and drilling of the crew—will no doubt better *Columbia's* work; how much remains to be seen, but it seems somewhat unlikely, from present indications, that the new defender will prove four minutes faster than the old one. And four minutes is a long lead in thirty miles, and a wonderful increase over a craft that seemed such a ghost as *Defender*. It really looks, however, as though we had reached the limit of speed in single-stickers; though it must be confessed that end appeared at hand with the showing of *Vigilant*.

TRIAL race number one was over a triangular course (ten miles to a leg), starting at Scotland Light, and sailed in fickle air and a jumping sea. In the thirty miles—ten with the wind ahead, ten with it on the starboard quarter and beam, and ten with it coming over the port bow—*Columbia* defeated *Defender* 3 min. 33 sec., elapsed time. She sailed the first leg to windward 2 min. 25 sec. the faster, gained 1 min. 33 sec. in the next ten miles of reaching, and lost 25 sec. in the last leg of close-hauled work.

The work at the start was easily in *Defender's* favor, *Columbia* being sent so wide on her manœuvres as to suggest deliberate intention of giving *Defender* a long lead at the very beginning.

Defender crossed almost with the starting-gun, and *Columbia* 1 min. 42 sec. later. There seemed little choice in the two for eight miles of the journey to the first turning-mark. At times *Columbia* appeared to point higher, but so long as the wind held fairly stiffish *Defender* held her own in windward work, and, indeed, footed a bit the faster. Certainly she was stiffer, and seemed to be bothered less by the heavy water. Had the wind not flattened out within sight of the mark, *Defender* must have rounded first, but within two or three miles of the turning the boats ran into a comparatively calm streak, and *Columbia* immediately pulled up on the old boat until they raced on even terms. When perhaps less than a mile from the mark *Columbia* got a slant of breeze, which sent her ahead suddenly, and made it possible for her to lead *Defender* at the finish of the first leg.

"DEFENDER'S" crew set her sails smartly, but on the *Columbia* the canvas was bungled badly. The wind had freshened, and *Columbia*, heeling well over, carrying all the canvas she could, was perceptibly gaining, and continued to do so to the second mark. But *Defender* clung to the new boat surprisingly, and even drew up when the wind increased for momentary squalls. Several times *Columbia* was luffed sharply to ease her of the strain, but *Defender* held her course unflinchingly.

On the last leg the wind shifted to several points of the compass, and undoubtedly made the test of the two yachts inconclusive under the conditions; but nothing can detract from the brilliancy of *Defender's* performance throughout the race. For over a half of the last leg it was a close reach, and at first *Columbia* gained rapidly, but as the wind hauled around to the west the new boat seemed unable to increase her lead, and when sheets were started in the last third of the leg, *Defender* carried a better wind and pulled up quickly.

OFF Larchmont the weatherly conditions were judged to be just to *Columbia's* liking, and an improvement in her work was therefore expected. Again, however, the masterful handling of *Defender* so outclassed that of *Columbia* as to still leave in doubt the actual comparative speed of the boats under such conditions.

The race was thirty miles—twice over a fifteen-mile triangular course—in a breeze that was light at the start, but developed into a good topsail wind. Again *Columbia* disclosed greater tenderness than *Defender*, and again she steadily worked her way to the windward of the old boat.

The first leg of the race was a luffing match, in which *Defender* had all the better of it, so that she held *Columbia* down to only a 2-sec. gain; but on the second leg—a six-knot beat to windward—*Columbia* got away and gained 2 min., while on the run home on the end of the first round *Columbia* made the three knots, under spinnaker, 5 sec. faster than *Defender*.

But a surprise came in the second round, when, with the wind just abaft the beam, *Defender* sailed the first leg 1 min. 7 sec. the faster. It was a close reach on the second leg, a point of sailing on which we once considered *Defender* a wonder; yet at Larchmont, though *Defender* apparently has lost none of her old speed, *Columbia* gained 2 min. 13 sec. on this stretch.

Bungling her spinnaker, which could not be fully broken out, somewhat retarded *Columbia* in the final leg, and *Defender*, with every inch of canvas drawing, and sailing beautifully, gained 3 sec. on the three-knot run home.

Taking the race as a whole, it was a fair test in a smooth sea, and proved *Columbia* the faster under such conditions. She gained during the thirty miles 4 min. 15 sec. in windward work, to lose some of it on the point of sailing—wind abaft the beam—in which *Defender* seems to be the superior, and in bungling sail-setting.

It would be interesting to see what *Columbia* would do under equally clever handling as *Defender*. Both yachts are now making for Newport, where, in the present week, they are to again meet in three to five races.

JUDGED by the speed revealed in the one-rater trial races off the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, the challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup, at present held by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, seems this year to have a chance of bringing back this international trophy of small-boat supremacy from Lake St. Louis next week. Last year the Canadians took advantage of a loop-hole in the written conditions, and defended the cup with *Dominion*, a double-hulled and very fast freak, that, for any name more fitting, must be described as a catamaran—a type universally understood, without explicit lettering to that effect, as barred from usual sailing classes.

Dominion handsomely scored over the single-hull Seawanhaka Club boat *Challenger*, but it was an uneven match and a very unsatisfactory affair, that reflected no credit upon the sportsmanship of the Canadian club. Indeed, it was a bit of sharp practice, such as might be expected from professionals, and totally at variance with the spirit in which these annual races were inaugurated.

This year there is no departure from first intentions.

It was hoped *Challenger* would be on hand at the trial races to furnish a line for comparisons; but though she was absent, the test was sufficiently complete to show a notable advance in the speed of the '99 models.

THREE new boats were entered—*Constance*, *Algonquin*, and *Palm*. *Constance* was designed by C. H. Crane, and is owned by Edwin M. Post, E. R. Thomas, and R. H. Post. Her model suggests *Challenger*, but she has less freeboard and harder bilges. Her floor is flatter, and her sides fuller. She carries 490 square feet of canvas, is 17 ft. 8 in. l.w.l.; beam, 8 feet; draught, 6 inches; and racing length 19.91. She has a daggerboard, and is built of cedar finished in the natural color.

Algonquin was designed by B. B. Crowninshield for a syndicate including T. H. Macdonald, W. Herbert Jennings, De Ver H. Warner, C. M. Gilman, and Thomas L. Watson. She has a triangular balanced centreboard; carries 500 square feet of canvas; is 17 ft. 4 in. l. w. l.; 19.71 ft. racing length; 8 ft. beam; draught, 5 in.; has a perfectly flat bottom; and carries no ballast save the sixty pounds of lead used to sink her centreboard.

Palm was designed by Laurence Huntington for C. A. Miller, and is a fin keel, narrower than the others, and with a higher top and sides, that give her, in comparison, a sort of turtle back. She is built with a single skin planking of three-eighths cedar, over which is stretched painted and varnished canvas. Her rig is much lower than the others.

In the trial races in Seawanhaka waters *Constance* unquestionably proved to be the better all-round boat, by winning seven out of eight races in all kinds of weather—one having been secured by *Algonquin* in the first day's sailing. *Algonquin's* strong point is running before the wind, and she has led *Constance* almost invariably with spinnakers set; but on the wind *Constance* is very much superior, and about as good, if not a bit better, reaching. *Palm* did well on reaching, but was otherwise outclassed.

J. FRED POWERS won the National Individual All-round Athletic Championship so easily the other day, at the games of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, as to emphasize his notable ability and create regret for the absence of that other remarkable athlete, A. C. Kraenzlein. This Powers, by-the-way, should not be, as he has been, confounded with that other one-time Notre Dame baseball-playing Michael Powers, who is now a member of the professional Louisville team. J. F. Powers is captain of the Notre Dame track team, and his excellent work was responsible for defeat of Chicago and Purdue universities in separate dual meets, and of Notre Dame's victory in a triangular meet with Chicago and Illinois. He is naturally apt at all athletic games, his entire development having been accomplished in the last two years, weighs 182 pounds, and is 6 feet tall. He is both strong and skilful.

Although last year's winner, E. C. White (N. Y. A. C.), competed, Powers really won with such ease as to rob the contest of interest, except in so far as it revealed the splendid work of a notable athlete. White's winning score last year was 5243, and though obviously he seemed not to be up to that showing this year, he lost points through a misunderstanding with the judges in the pole vault. Albert Sanderson, Toronto Y. M. C. A., and J. E. Moran, Star A. C., were not in the running, except the Canadian for a brief period. Powers won the shot, 40 ft. 1⅛ in.; high jump, 5 ft. 11 in.; 880 walk, 4 min. 28¼ sec.; 16-lb. hammer, 106 ft. 8 in.; pole vault 10 ft. 4½ in.; 120-yard hurdles, 18 sec.; broad jump, 21 ft. 8½ in.; and was second in the 100 yards in 10⅘ sec.; in the 56-lb. weight with 19 ft. 6⅜ in.; and fourth in the mile with 6 min. 24⅘ sec.

Other all-round American champions: 1884, W. R. Thompson, Montreal; 1885, M. W. Ford, N. Y. A. C.; 1886, M. W. Ford, 45 points; 1887, A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., 36; 1888, M. W. Ford, S. I. A. C., 28; 1889, M. W. Ford, 36; 1890, A. A. Jordan, 41; 1891, A. A. Jordan, 30; 1892, M. O'Sullivan, X. A. C., 45; 1893,* E. W. Goff, N. J. A. C., 4860; 1894, E. W. Goff, N. J. A. C., 5748; 1895, J. Cosgrove, N. J. A. C., 4406¼; 1896, L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 5380; 1897, E. H. Clark, B. A. A., 6244½; 1898, E. C. White, N. Y. A. C., 5243; 1899, J. F. Powers, Notre Dame, 6203.

* New system scoring.

For all the large scores, none of the all-round champions developed in recent years has had, in my opinion, the potential all-round strength of those two old-timers Malcolm Ford and the late Alexander Jordan.

College boating policies discussed next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE GOLFICIDE."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS

Arrival of Dreyfus

RENNES, *July 2, 1899.*

FOR a somewhat sleepy and unobtrusive town to awaken suddenly to the realization that it has been invaded by a host of police, insatiable journalists, and important national figures is a surprising experience, and the peaceful Rennais are still engaged in rubbing their eyes in vague amazement at the importance which they and their city have assumed in the eyes of the entire civilized world. Yesterday this ancient capital of Brittany was practically unknown to the vast majority of persons outside of France; to-day it is, from the stand-point of interest at least, perhaps the most important city in the world. It is here that the last act of one of the greatest of modern dramas is being played; here that the final word is to be spoken upon the fate of a prisoner whose story has sundered families, driven men to suicide, and brought a great republic to the verge of civil war.

It was a wise decision which named Rennes, far from the turmoil and excitement of the Paris boulevards, as the seat of the court martial which is to pass upon the innocence or guilt of Alfred Dreyfus. For one has only to look into the faces of these stout and wholesome hearted Bretons to realize the truth of the saying that Paris is not France, and that the wild clamor which the "affaire" has roused in the capital has found but a faint echo in this quaint and quiet Brittany. Here the law is the law, and its verdict irrevocable. Here are no revolutionists, as we understand the word, no seekers after perversions of justice, no disturbers of the public peace, but a law-loving, law-abiding people, who, whatever their individual opinion, would have the coming court martial do its work undisturbed, and to whom its decision will be final. It is a land of wide and wind-swept hill sides, whose strange beauty, touched, even at this distance, with the melancholy of a wild and merciless sea, has found so faithful a reflection in the work of Pierre Loti; and here, in the midst of a sturdy and patriotic people, justice may run its course, unhampered and unafraid.

Among the most admirable characters which the development of the Dreyfus affair has brought before the public eye is that of Madame Godard, who has placed her house at the disposal of Madame Dreyfus and her children. For, in its undemonstrative way, Rennes is anti-Dreyfusard, and in all the town there was but this one person to extend hospitality to the wife of the prisoner. To emerge thus from the seclusion of private life, and in the face of popular prejudice to offer shelter to a threatened and insulted family, was to display a courage and strength of conviction which it is difficult to overpraise. The house itself, near at once to the prison and to the railway station, and separated from the street by a high wall, is admirably suited to the needs of Madame Dreyfus, and it is here that she will await the decision upon which so much depends. It is to the credit of the Rennais that from the train she was able to reach its doorway unmolested, and even saluted by bared heads and sympathetic words. After all, what is most needed in such a case is some one to lead the way, and after Madame Godard had shown her fellow-citizens her fearlessness and kindliness, there were men and women in plenty to follow her example.

It is not too much to say that never was secret better kept than that of the arrangements made for landing and conveying Captain Dreyfus to Rennes, and some of the shrewdest journalists of France, England, and America were still eagerly scanning the harbor of Brest while the special train from Quiberon was swiftly bringing the prisoner hither. For a week they had been besieging the officials of the former town, and for a week the officials, with commendable sagacity, had been sending them flying from the harbor to the coast and back again on a host of unprofitable quests. There is a certain solid satisfaction in looking back upon the fruitless exploits of certain yellow journals of New York and Chicago, which lined the coast with sentinels to signal with rockets the arrival of the *Sfax*. It was a most wilful waste of rockets and a most woful want of news, but it undoubtedly looked extremely well in print.

Captain Dreyfus landed at half past one in the morning of yesterday, in a terrific downpour of rain, at the little peninsula town of Quiberon, on the lower coast of what is often called the spout of the French teapot. Save to the officials directly connected with the debarkation, the place of landing was entirely unknown, and the entire proceeding was accomplished with the utmost secrecy and celerity. Before the telegraph had flashed the news to Rennes, the special train had stopped at a level crossing two miles from the railway station, the prisoner had been transferred to a carriage, driven rapidly to the military prison, and placed in security, no doubt to the intense relief of those in charge of the operation, and certainly to the extreme irritation of the complacent journalists assembled at the station itself. The performance was a masterpiece of foresight and official cunning, and to it there is every reason to believe that Alfred Dreyfus owes his life. There are men in France to-day who would not have hesitated to have stopped the march of events with a bullet or a knife.

The military prison of Rennes, with its companion buildings, the offices and officers' quarters, occupies a space about equal in size to an ordinary city block, and almost rectangular in form. It is completely surrounded and effectually shielded on three sides by a high wall, and on the fourth by a long bleak building, in which is the hall where the court martial is to be held. The necessity of taking the prisoner into the public street is obviated by this arrangement, although a far more agreeable court-room is that of the Lycée, a handsome building directly opposite to the prison. The narrow Rue Duhamel, which bounds the latter on the northwest and northeast, commands an unimpeded view of the windows of the cells in which Dreyfus and du Paty de Clam are confined, and it is probably for this reason that the houses across the street have been rented by the French government. On the other hand, exterior wooden shutters, in the form of inverted hoods, prevent the occupants of the cells from looking into the street, and those without from seeing the prisoners.

The sittings of the court martial are to be practically public. The hall of the court accommodates about six hundred people, and of these three hundred will be representatives of the French and foreign press. For the days of "secret dossiers" are past, so far as the Dreyfus affair is concerned, and the last stages of its development are to be patent to the eyes of the whole world.

Strangely enough, Dreyfus himself is the man of all men who knows least about his remarkable case. The extraordinary series of events of the past two years, the suicide of Henry, the disgrace of Boisdeffre, the championing of his cause by Émile Zola, the confessions of Esterhazy, and, most of all, the clamor of the Paris mob and the fierce dissensions which have come near to rending France asunder—all these are as a sealed book to this man, newly returned from his years of silent and terrible exile. It remains for the authorities at Rennes to enlighten him, and this will be done, and done completely, before he is brought before his judges.

Whether he is innocent or guilty (and it is too soon to claim either as a positive fact), it is certain that a more pathetic drama has never been enacted in the history of civilization than that which is now drawing to its close in the heart of Brittany. The prisoner, bent and gray from his mental suffering, barely able, after his long silence, to form an intelligible sentence; the wife, faithful and confident to the last; the children, ignorant of their father's story, and believing him to be on a long journey and soon to return—these are the personages upon whom all eyes are bent, and for whom many hearts are aching. Small wonder, indeed, that the French people stand aghast before this revelation of suffering, and before the possible disclosures of the next few weeks, which may bring to light the details of a monstrous injustice. GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

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I hear at the wood's edge the whip-poorwill's
Quaint, plaintive-phrased, monotonous refrain,
Flooding with pathos vale and dell and plain.

Silent until the setting of the sun,
He sings when the day's choristry is done,
With palpitant burst of rhythm and iterant rhyme
Rich with the redolent grace of summer-time.

Shy recluse of the woods and shaded streams,
Recaller of our life's youth-haloed dreams,
Brown portent that securely baffles sight,
Sacred to Wonder and Mysterious Night.

How alien to the din of city streets
Are all thy notes and twilight-kissed retreats!
That song of rapture, weird yet exquisite,
Who shall explain—who try to fathom it?

It tells of bosky haunts and fields of peace,
Of dew-wet meadows, and the day's surcease;
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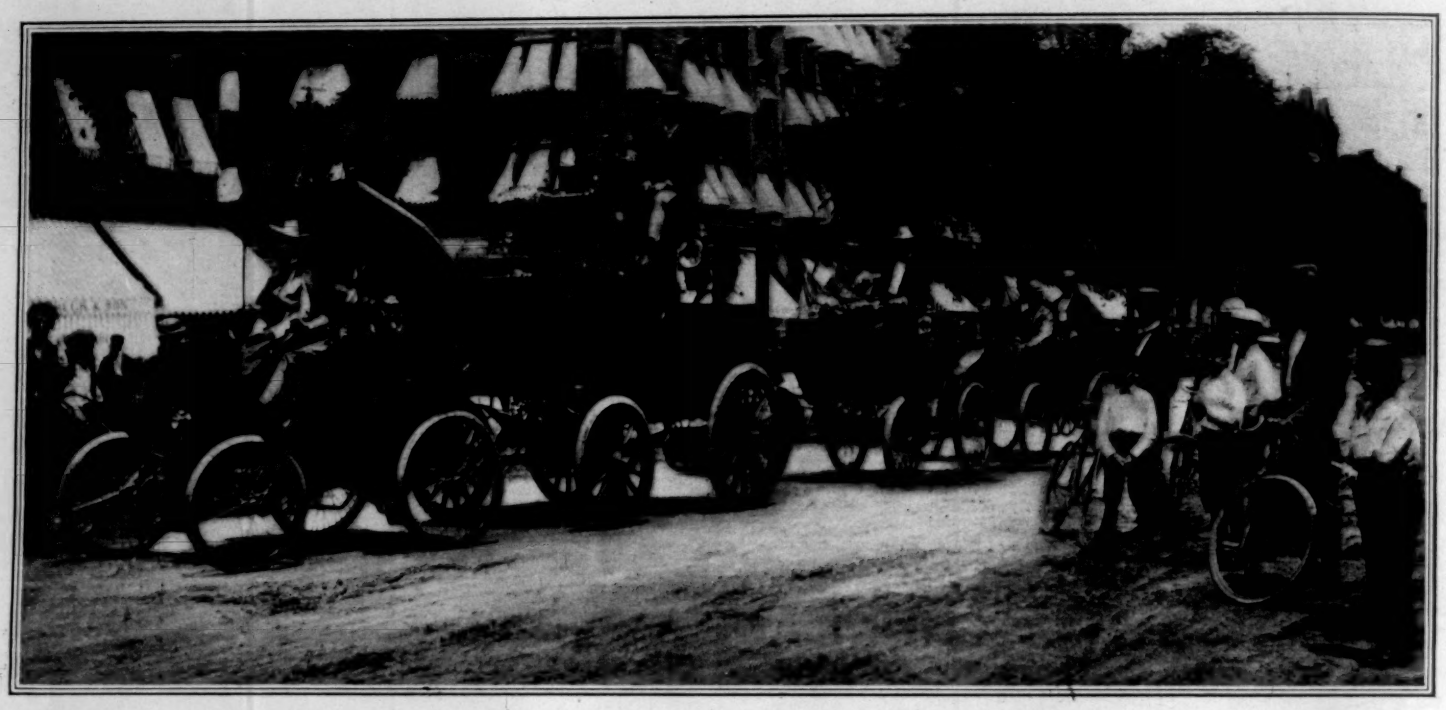


ACROSS THE CONTINENT BY AUTOMOBILE—MR. AND MRS. DAVIS SOON AFTER STARTING, ATTENDED BY FRIENDS.

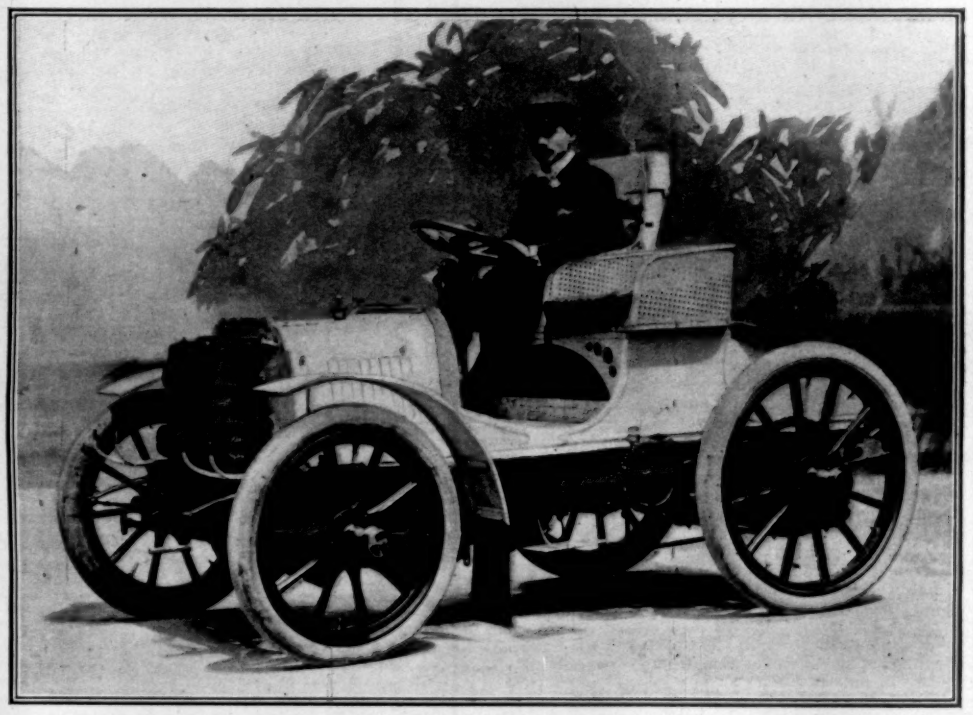
A Transcontinental Automobilist

IT is just about ten years since the modern automobile made its first appearance as a practical road conveyance. In 1890 Serpollet and Archdeacon accomplished the journey from Paris to Lyons by means of a steam-carriage. They met with numerous difficulties and break-downs, and it took them ten full days to make the trip. The Parisian chauffeur of to-day, with his smart little gas-phaeton, will back himself to duplicate the feat within as many hours. But, after all, some one had to lead the way; some one had to demonstrate what an easy thing it was to do.

France has hitherto been far in the lead in the development of the automobile, but now that the American inventor has begun to work in earnest, we shall soon begin to make records for ourselves.

Road-racing is one thing, and long-distance touring is quite another. The French automobilists have hitherto given most of their attention to competitions in which speed was the most important factor, but there are indications that touring is about to come into more general favor. It is quite possible to make the journey from one end of France to the other with a total petroleum consumption of a couple of dozen quarts, costing, at the ordinary market-price, twenty-seven francs, or a trifle over five dollars. Really, it is cheaper than staying at home.

Curiously enough, it is the American "stoker" who is taking the lead in this new form of amusement, and it seems to make no difference to his adventurous spirit that our ordinary country roads are probably the worst in the world. It is only six weeks ago since Mr. Alexander Winton successfully made the trip between Cleveland, Ohio, and New York city, the total distance being nearly 708 miles, and one of the longest on record.



M. CHARRON, WHO HAS CHALLENGED AMERICAN AUTOMOBILISTS, ON HIS RACING-CARRIAGE.

MR. WINTON AND THE PHAETON WHICH HE GUIDED FROM CLEVELAND TO NEW YORK.

MR. AND MRS. DAVIS JUST BEFORE THE START.

Mr. Winton left Cleveland on Monday, May 22, and arrived at the City Hall on Friday, May 26. The actual running time was forty-seven hours and thirty-four minutes, and the average speed was fifteen miles an hour. The gasolene consumed on the journey amounted to about twenty gallons. The only accident of importance was at Fairport, New York, where the carriage, while running at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, was ditched, and had its front running-gear badly smashed up. Luckily Mr. Winton and his companion escaped serious injury.

Considering the execrable condition of the clay roads through New York State, the time made was fast; too fast, indeed, for safety, as the accident seems to prove. The conclusion must be that we cannot have any long-distance road-racing or any running-against-time contests in this country until we have better roads. The route of the international automobile race between Paris and Bordeaux is 580 kilometres in length, and almost as smooth as a barn floor. Outside of a few short stretches, such as the Eastern Boulevard between Albany and Schenectady, we have nothing in this country to approach the almost perfect roads that cover France like the lines in a spider's web. But it will have to come, and the good work begun by the bicyclists is now to be taken up and carried to completion by the automobilists. It is not too much to predict that before the end of the year 1900 the total mileage of macadam and asphalt will be increased by fully one hundred per cent. Once let us get rid of the horse (as a beast of burden), and the problem becomes a comparatively simple one. It has been well pointed out that the iron-shod hoof of a heavy draught-horse is about the most efficient instrument that could be devised for the destruction of the ordinary roadway. It is not the hard pounding alone, but the twisting, cutting, grinding action of the iron shoe that does the mischief. Put the draught-horse out of commission, and substitute the rubber tread for the steel tire, and the street-cleaning question will almost answer itself.

Following the example of Mr. Winton, the Haynes-Apperson Company of Kokomo, Indiana, manufacturers of gasolene-carriages, is arranging a run from Kokomo to New York, a distance of about a thousand miles; and Mr. K. A. Skinner, the agent for the French de Dion type of tricycle, recently rode from Boston to New York and back to pace Waller the bicycle-rider. But all these contests have record-making as their prime object, with the incidental advertisement to the manufacturers of the vehicle, and they cannot be called touring in the true sense of the word.

The best object-lesson that can be given of the practical value of the automobile is such a trip as that undertaken by Mr. John D. Davis, who left this city on July 13, with San Francisco for his objective point. On such a journey the chief point is to get through, rather than to make high speed, and the real contest lies between the enduring quality of the American-built machinery and the destructive energy of the awful American highways. If Mr. Davis gets to San Francisco at all, that will be record enough in itself.

The two travellers (for Mr. Davis is accompanied by his wife) are making their long journey in what is called a "touring-cart," propelled by a gas-engine. The vehicle itself resembles the ordinary phaeton with a heavy hood, and was built especially for the purpose by the National Motor-Carriage Company. The wheels are of the bicycle pattern, with the heaviest of pneumatic tires—as is evidently necessary in view of the hard usage before them. Extra tires and duplicate parts of the motor are carried along for emergency use.

The motive power is the gasolene-engine, for electricity and compressed air are equally out of the question, and the steam type of automobile has not demonstrated as yet what it can do. In the future it may divide the field for long-distance running with the gasolene vehicle, but at present the latter is in the lead, and is virtually the one type of motor used in France.

Without going into mechanical technicalities, the lay reader may be made to understand that the gas-engine is simply a modification of the general principles under which the ordinary steam-engine runs. In the latter case we build a fire under a boiler filled with water, and use the expansive power of steam thus created to move a piston-rod. In the case of the gas-engine the vapor of gasolene (mixed with air) is admitted into a tightly closed cylinder, and there exploded by means of an electric spark or a red-hot tube. The expanding gas acts upon the piston to force it outward, and the principal difference between this explosive gas and steam is that the former is an intermittent and the latter a steady impulse. Both need the action of heat to liberate their energy, but in the gas machine we build the fire (viz., the electric spark) inside the engine itself, and so save the weight of the heavy outside boiler. It is an economic gain in the saving of weight and in the direction of compactness.

Of course there are disadvantages connected with the gas-engine motor, such as its liability to clog up from the deposits of imperfect combustion, the noise of the exhaust, which it is very difficult to muffle satisfactorily, the odor, the vibration, which must be present more or less in all forms of reciprocating motors, the tendency of the cylinders to overheating, the unaccountable failure of the sparking device to do its duty, and so on and so on, until the amateur automobilist is ready to throw up his hands in despair. On the other side it must be said that the gas-engine is absolutely safe from the danger of explosion, its fuel can be obtained in almost any town, and, last and most important, it is cheap to run. Now that the American mechanic is taking an interest in the problem of gas-engine construction, it must soon be improved out of all resemblance to its foreign prototype. It is worthy of remark that over one hundred patents relating to self-propelling vehicles have been taken out in this country within the last three months, and the gas-engine has had a full share of the inventors' attention.

The route to be taken by Mr. Davis will carry him through Albany, Rochester, Cleveland, Toledo, and South Bend to Chicago. The Mississippi will probably be crossed at Davenport, and the Missouri at Omaha, and from thence the course will be over the Nebraska prairies to Denver. Through the Rockies and the Sierras the old stage routes will be followed so far as practicable, but California will be entered by the most available of the northern passes.

The shortest of the mail routes between New York and San Francisco is 3250 miles, and the wagon road will be close to 3600. Mr. Davis has been figuring on doing an average of fifteen miles an hour during actual running time, but it is very doubtful if he will be able to maintain a daily schedule of more than a hundred miles.

There are but few European records for long-distance runs by automobile. The most recent exploit is that of Dr. von Stern of Vienna, the Austrian delegate to the cycling congress lately held in London. Dr. von Stern made the journey between Vienna and London by automobile, the distance being between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred miles, or a trifle longer than Mr. Winton's American record.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

A Champion Chauffeur

THE blue ribbon of the automobile world is now held by M. Ferdinand Charron, the winner of the annual road race between Paris and Bordeaux. The race was run on Wednesday, May 24, and there were twenty-eight starters in the motor-carriage class. M. Charron, driving a petroleum-carriage fitted with twelve H. P. motors, won in the extraordinary time of eleven hours, forty minutes, and twenty seconds—an average of over thirty miles an hour for the entire distance. The second place was taken by the Chevalier de Kuyff, whose time was only five minutes and forty seconds slower than that of Charron. The previous record was beaten by over three hours and a half. The road is a perfect one, hard and smooth, but there were several accidents among the competitors. Two of the carriages were in collision near Paris, and the chauffeur of one of them was badly hurt. Another carriage, while running at top speed near Vendôme, was completely overturned, but the occupant escaped serious injury.

Most of these French racing-machines are odd-looking vehicles, fitted with triangular dash-boards that serve as wind-cutters, and often departing widely from the conventional carriage model. For example, M. Jenatzy's wagon looks exactly like an enormous cigar-shaped boat mounted upon four wheels and containing a single hatchway, in which the chauffeur sits, surrounded by his wheels and levers. The machine used by M. Charron is of a more reasonable type, and looks as though it might be fairly comfortable even at high speed.

Several weeks ago M. Charron issued a general challenge to the automobilists of America for a road race, to be run either in France or America. Mr. Alexander Winton, who recently made the trip by automobile from Cleveland to New York, accepted the challenge, and suggested the route from Chicago to New York. M. Charron had announced his willingness to race for a purse of any amount between five thousand and one hundred thousand francs, and Mr. Winton accordingly deposited 20,000 francs with a New York newspaper to make his acceptance good. Since then the negotiations have hung fire, and there is small probability of the race coming off. M. Charron wished to raise the purse to 100,000 francs, and would bind himself, in the event of his defeat, to order a million francs' worth of carriages from his competitor. Mr. Winton was not willing to assent to this proposition, and so there the matter rests. In the present condition of our country roads racing, either against time or another competitor, is a highly dangerous form of amusement, and it is doubtful if any good results would attend such a competition. On the other hand, a bad accident would assuredly have an unfortunate effect upon the infant sport. In time we will have good roads, and such a contest may then be possible. It may be noted that an American member of the Automobile Club of France has lately presented a cup to that organization as an inter-

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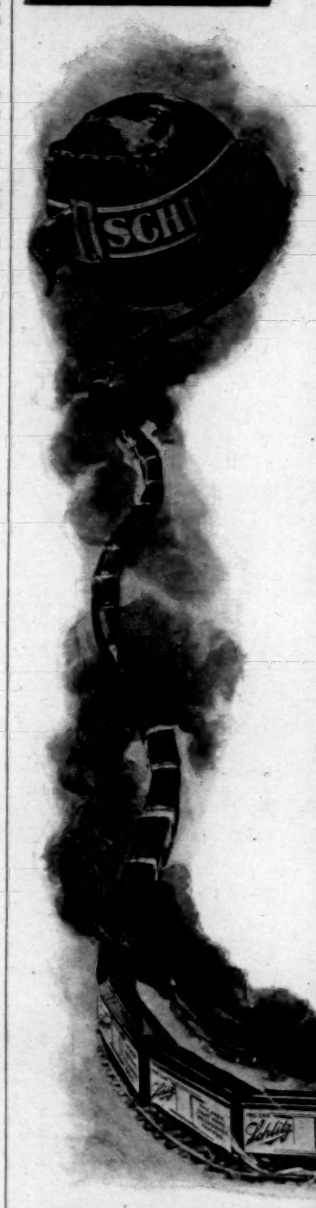
AT MANILA



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national racing trophy. The first contest is to be held in France, and thereafter in the country of the winner. The distance and conditions under which the annual contests are to be held will be made known at some future date, VAN T. S.

London Drama

AS I told you some three weeks back, Mr. Wallace Erskine will take "A Little Ray of Sunshine" across the water. In this enterprise he will be assisted by Mr. Herbert Sparling, and I am now able to give the names of the others he will take with him. They are Mr. Farren Soutar (Miss Nellie Farren's talented son, who ought to have a warm welcome, if only for his mother's sake); Mr. Trant Adams, so long connected with Compton's old English comedies; Mr. McLean; young Mr. Curtis; and of course Mr. Erskine. Mr. William Elton, one of the cleverest comedians we have, goes to play Mr. Penley's part. The ladies engaged are Miss Janet Alexander, handsome Miss Ada Homer of Empire fame, Miss Lorna Lawrence, Miss Evelyn, and last, but by no means least, Miss Adelina Stuart, who, as perhaps may be remembered, was the original *Marjorie* in "Our Flat," and who afterwards proved herself such an excellent *Jane* when Mr. Lestocq's masterpiece went on tour. The company will open at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on August 28.

"THE COURT SCANDAL" will be Mr. Aubrey Boucicault's stand-by when he revisits the United States. The piece will be almost entirely rewritten, and Mr. Boucicault will play Mr. Hicks's part of *Richelieu*.

MRS. LANGTRY has decided that art (dramatic art, I mean) once more calls her. After a short season of her own (probably at the Haymarket) she joins the Drury Lane forces for the new autumn drama. At other theatres, too, there are to be changes. Miss Ellaline Terriss is leaving the Gaiety to join her husband at the Criterion. She is to play one of Miss Maud Abbot's parts. It will be interesting to Americans to learn how she gets on with it.

CLEVER, amusing, full of charm, and well acted, such is "An American Citizen." In Mr. Clyde Fytch's "Cowboy and the Lady," Mr. Frohman gave us a bad piece with excellent playing. In his latest production he has staged a piece less unworthy of his actors. Madeleine Lucette Ryley is a talented woman, and, moreover, one who is wise in directing her talents into the right channel. She has written a pleasant and farcical comedy, the like of which lazy people like to see after dinner. It holds no sexual problem; it has not one questionable line; it is eminently suitable for the young person, and grown-up people do not find their interest flag for one moment. Tears and laughter Mrs. Ryley may not hold in her hand, but the "business" of the actors supplies the latter. For one second Beatrice Carew is intended to wring our very heart with pity for her; the next, Beresford Cruger has us smiling at some quaint remark. Pathos turned off in comedy, comedy ending in tears. London is pleased with "An American Citizen." But it is not high art.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOT has lost none of her charm. All the way through her acting is of a high order. Her sister, Miss Gertrude, though young in years, has made an excellent impression. The daintiness of her methods, even her mannerisms, are pleasing. Mr. Goodwin is at his best, and the entire company work together with that *verve* and thoroughness characteristic of good American actors. One feature is noticeable. The American accent, bewrayed in the speech of so many previous companies, is pleasantly softened into what is called on your side "the English drawl."

ARNOLD WHITE.

Of His Own House

A CURIOUS incident is reported from the ancient and honorable city of Stettin. A strong group of admirers of the dead poet Conrad Tellmann awhile ago organized a memorial service, to occur some weeks ago on the first anniversary of Tellmann's demise. Spielhagen, the well-known novelist, Prince von Schönach-Karolath, and many others, have been furthering the tribute. A series of addresses, a poem, and the fixing to Tellmann's birthplace, in Stettin, of a brass tablet with a suitable inscription, constituted the programme. But the committee had reckoned without—literally their hostess, the poet's own mother. The procession was formed and the house reached, and the ceremonial exercises were about to begin, when out came the lady and admonished all to disperse at once. She refused assent to the proceedings, and especially to the putting up of the tablet. "She had her own reasons, and very good ones." In vain were all arguments. The committee pleaded vigorously; but anon retired in an abashed silence, carrying their handsome tablet, as well as reserving *in petto* their eulogies and poetical effusions. At last accounts there was no more to be said of a Tellmann tablet at Stettin.

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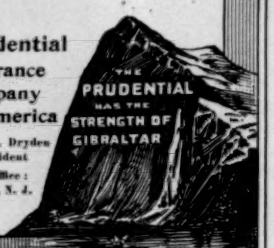

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Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, July 6.—An order for the enlistment of ten new regiments for service in the Philippines was issued by the Secretary of War. The regiments were to be organized in accordance with the provision of the act of March 2, 1899, each regiment to consist of fifty officers and 1309 enlisted men. They were to be designated the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, and Thirty-fifth regiments of infantry, United States Volunteers. It was provided that "applicants for commissions, except officers of the regular army, . . . must have had service during the Spanish-American war," and the order continued: "The recruiting service of the regular army will be charged with recruiting from the country at large men for service in these volunteer regiments, whose enlistments will be made for the period ending June 30, 1901, unless sooner discharged, and *without restrictions as to citizenship or educational qualifications*, but in all other respects under the same rules and regulations as are prescribed for recruiting the regular service. Except in special cases only unmarried men will be enlisted for these regiments. In view of the probably severe service of these regiments, and the climatic conditions to which they may be subjected, the physical qualification of both officers and enlisted men is of the first importance."

President McKinley appointed the following colonels of the volunteer regiments mentioned above: Major James M. Bell, of the First Cavalry; Captain James S. Pettit, of the First Infantry; Captain Edward E. Hardin, of the Seventh Infantry; Captain L. A. Craig, of the Sixth Cavalry; Captain Luther R. Hare, of the Seventh Cavalry; Major William A. Kobbé, of the Third Artillery; Captain Cornelius Gardener, of the Nineteenth Infantry; and Major Edmund Rice, of the Third Infantry.

Brigadier-General Joseph Wheeler was ordered to report to General Otis at Manila for service in the Philippine Islands.

Friday, July 7.—Despatches from Manila contained the statement that General Luna's death had strengthened Aguinaldo's leadership: "Luna's supporters are now outwardly loyal to Aguinaldo."

From Manila, also, the following items of information were received: 1. The survivors of the Spanish garrison at Baler, on the east coast of Luzon, who had withstood the Filipinos for more than a year, and at last surrendered upon condition that they should march out with all the honors of war, were cheered and fêted on their journey across the island, and especially after their arrival at the capital. 2. General Wheaton was assigned to the command of General Hale's brigade at San Fernando. 3. General Bates was chosen to act as the government's agent in endeavoring to arrange the basis for a friendly understanding with the Sultan of Sulu, with which design, it was announced, he would proceed to the southern islands on July 12. The "basis for a friendly understanding" was actually a present to the Sultan of $10,000, Mexican, and a promise to continue the annuity which had been granted by the Spaniards.

Saturday, July 8.—General Otis cabled to the Adjutant-General at Washington: "Desires of all volunteers in Philippines ascertained. Two skeleton regiments fairly well assured. In two or three days will cable names of officers nominated for regiments, so that appointments of lieutenants to recruit in the United States can be made."

Sunday, July 9.—For the two regiments of volunteers referred to in the preceding paragraph General Otis said that he had secured 1000 men.

The officials at the Manila observatory issued a warning that a flood was to be expected; a torrential rain was falling; all shipping was storm-bound; the water in Laguna de Bay had risen past the safety-point, and a heavy typhoon was blowing. The American soldiers were reported as "making the best of the situation."

Monday, July 10.—The following lieutenant-colonels of volunteers were appointed by the President: Major J. F. Bell, Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers, who went to Manila with General Merritt, and had been in charge of the Bureau of Military Information; Captain Herbert H. Sargent, who organized and commanded the Fifth United States Volunteer Infantry during the war with Spain; Captain John Brereton, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who was highly commended for his conduct at the battle of San Juan Hill; and Captain E. H. Plummer, of the Tenth Infantry, who served in the Cuban campaign as Brigade Quartermaster at the headquarters of the Fifth Corps, and was recommended for a brevet for gallantry in action at Santiago.

Tuesday, July 11.—Active recruiting for the new regiments to be sent to the Philippines began at the several stations. Recruiting offices were opened in every part of the country.

The President confirmed the recommendation of General Otis, that Major J. Franklin Bell, previously appointed lieutenant-colonel, should be colonel of the Thirty-sixth United States Volunteer Infantry, and Major William R. Grove, First Colorado Volunteers, lieutenant-colonel in the same or-

ganization; and that in the Thirty-seventh Lieutenant-Colonel Robert B. Wallace, First Montana Volunteers (First Lieutenant, Second Cavalry), should be colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas R. Hamer, First Idaho Volunteers, lieutenant-colonel.

The announcement was made that in future the transports engaged in carrying troops to and from the Philippines would have an armament sufficient for their defence against possible attack by the enemy. No doubt the experience of the *Centennial* at Cape Engaño (see our Diary under the date June 21) might have suggested this new precaution, but rumor had it that the Filipinos were arming vessels with the design of capturing or destroying American troop-ships.

Indeed, rumor had the field to itself for a while, and was offered as a substitute for news in regard to important developments at Washington as well as in the flooded camps of Luzon. "General Miles might be sent to Manila," it was suggested; he might not supersede General Otis, for perhaps it would not be necessary for him to do more than merely play a part similar to that which was assigned to him at Santiago just before the surrender. Evidently, however, in this emergency, it was to be expected that he would take an overwhelming force with him, in order to be able at the right moment to say to the hostiles, as *Talbot* to the French countess, in "King Henry VI."—

"For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity...."

This was the rumor of a single day; but every day and day after day Washington correspondents insisted that the Secretary of War was about to resign his office—and as often Mr. Alger positively denied the report. The concurrence of the rumors touching the advancement of the commanding general and the retirement of the Secretary seemed particularly significant.

MARRION WILCOX.

Arts and Crafts

VI.—ITS RELATION TO CITY IMPROVEMENTS. MUNICIPAL ART

IT is a very hopeful characteristic of the revived interest in the application of art to industries that it manifests itself in a variety of ways. It began as a very small plant, but since its root took hold of the soil it has spread its suckers over a wide area, and is continually piercing the ground in fresh places with vigorous growths. The movement first ministered to the beauty of home surroundings. Thence it has passed into the public streets, and finally become an important factor in that organized effort to beautify cities which is summed up in the term "Municipal Art."

Now the most potent agency in the modern development of cities—especially of American cities—is individualism. The action of the authorities is mainly in the way of control; the initiative comes from the enterprise of commercial rivalry, which has its origin in the wish to obtain higher rents or to attract more custom. When, therefore, recourse is had to artistic methods, it must be because they appear to some people to be a remunerative investment. This artistic development is evidently more than a sentimental or æsthetic one; it has its business side. Now, granting that this is a way of increasing business, it follows that the more original the style of the applied art, the better it will accomplish its end of attracting notice. The more this development proceeds, the greater the need for getting out of the usual routine of decoration. The only way to do this is to deal direct with the designer, and to enlist his own self-interest as well as artistic ability. In Europe this course is being followed to a considerable extent, and it is not unusual, for example, to find a store which compels you to stop and examine it, owing to the freshness of thought and independent treatment which have been expended upon the exterior, and in almost every case it will be found that the attractive effect is produced by the expenditure not of a great deal of money, but of original taste. For good taste need not cost more than indifferent taste at the outset, and it is pretty sure to be the more paying investment in the end.

A good illustration of this may be found in Glasgow, where luncheon and tea rooms abound. There is a particular one, however, on Buchanan Street, the property and enterprise of a woman. It is well known throughout Scotland, and no visitor to the city will fail to be recommended to go there. And why? Not only because the food is good, the service excellent, and the charges moderate—many others can boast the same—but because of the originality of design displayed in the equipment of the rooms. From the decoration of the walls and ceilings, through all the furniture and fittings, down to the little metal supports of the menu cards—everything expresses the personal feeling of the designers. There is nothing hackneyed. Everything upon which the eye rests reveals freshness of conception and the execution of a loving hand. There may be items in the general ensemble that display a certain affectation and evident striving after novelty at any cost; but it is impossible not to enjoy the exuberance of fancy, the vigor, and vitality. The rooms are beautiful and in a modern way. The art displayed belongs as much to the present moment, and is as fresh and breezy as the air of a mountain. No wonder the place is a favorite resort.

The latest development of this artistic movement has taken the form of an organized effort to beautify cities. It has its root in the same causes that make an individual beautify his place of business or his home—a sense of the desirableness of beauty, of the practical results that follow, and a worthy pride. The reasoning is clear enough. If the contact with beautiful objects is pleasurable and civilizing to the individual, it must be so to aggregates of individuals. A city inevitably expresses the general character of its citizens. As they become more wealthy and more cultured, the city will reflect the progress. The busier the population, the more necessary for its health and happiness that the city, by its beauty, should afford relaxation to weary eyes and brains. The more the civic pride increases, the stronger the incentive to attract the notice of other cities by the beauty of its own. The increasing influx of visitors, which always results, is a source of further pride and of brisker business.

This combination of motives—some selfish, some unselfish, but all reasonable—is at the back of the Municipal Art Movement. The first step in this country was the formation of the Fairmount Park Association of Philadelphia. Then followed the Municipal Art Societies of New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and other cities. Their aims are practically identical. Recognizing that the genius of development in this country is individualism, and that it was, at any rate, premature to expect our authorities to do what the governing bodies of many European cities have done, the promoters started in to see what could be accomplished by the organized effort of individuals. The result has been far from inconsiderable, yet disproportionate to the importance of the respective cities and to the natural advantages of their sites. The movement has been hampered by the ignorance of the masses and the indifference even of influential and cultured people, and will not be adequately advanced until the self-interest of both these classes is aroused. For it cannot be too often repeated that it is a question of self-interest exhibited for the noblest end—the bettering of the condition of the community. For example: if there were more small parks in the tenement districts, there would be more fresh air circulating in the congested lungs of the city, and there would be more room for the children to play. This would improve both the health and the morals of the city. The youngsters would be removed from the contaminating influence of the crowded streets and from constant friction with the police, who have to curb their exuberant spirits. They would cease to regard the constable as their natural enemy, and have more chance of growing up to be healthy and law-abiding citizens, with a corresponding relief to the tax-payer. Or, to take another example, if the trade signs on the store fronts—which for the most part vie with one another in size of letters, and, as it were, bawl their announcements, until their very purpose of attracting attention is defeated by the bewildering confusion—were to enter into a rivalry of artistic originality, every one would be the gainer. The tradesman would secure the direct attention that he seeks, the designer and craftsman more occupation, and the pedestrian a moment's relief from the monotony of business.

This question of signs was the starting-point of a very interesting society in Brussels, called the "Œuvre nationale de l'Art appliqué à la Rue et aux Objets d'utilité publique." This was clearly an unmanageable name, and it is popularly known as "L'Œuvre." It is an association in behalf of art applied to the street and to objects of public utility, and was started by a few artists. One of their first steps was to institute a "sign competition," so as to stir up rivalry among tradesmen. They were successful in their efforts, and beautiful signs began to appear in the streets of Brussels. The press heartily supported the movement; other cities, such as Antwerp, Namur, Charleroi, and Liege joined in, and the government recognized it. Paris caught the inspiration, and formed a similar institution under the chairmanship of the Préfet of the Seine and the auspices of the French government. The latest move of the society was to organize an International Congress of Public Art, which met last September, America being represented by Thomas W. Wood, of New York, and Henry Turner Bailey, of Massachusetts, appointed by the Secretary of State.

As a conclusion to this little series of papers, it must be mentioned that no attempt has been made to exhaust the subject of the Arts and Crafts Movement. It would have been impossible in the space, and the resources of no single writer could do justice to the whole matter. But a sincere effort has been made to stimulate interest and reflection, and to set the reader's mind upon a search for further information. If there has been one point more than another contended for, it is that the application of art to crafts and industries is a subject in which all should be interested and which all can take a part in promoting.

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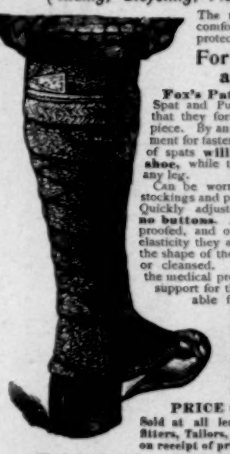

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